

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR AUGUST, 1810.

[The following interesting biography of lord Nelson, is selected from the Quarterly Review. Two articles relating to this extraordinary man have already appeared in the Select Reviews, and it was not intended to make further selections from the materials which crowd the British journals on this subject. But the present publication is conveyed in a style so spirited and pure, and contains so many interesting particulars of the *greatest of naval heroes*, that we think an apology would have been due to our readers, if we had not permitted them to participate with us in the pleasure of its perusal.] *Ed. Select Reviews.*

Biographical Memoirs of Lord Viscount Nelson, &c. &c. &c.; with Observations, Critical and Explanatory. By John Charnock, Esq. F. S. A. Author of the *Biographia Navalis*, and the *History of Marine Architecture*, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 429. Appx. 39. London. 1806.

The Life of Lord Nelson. By Mr. Harrison. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 904. London. 1806.

The Life of Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronté, &c. By T. O. Churchill. Illustrated by engravings of its most striking and memorable incidents. Royal 4to. pp. 100. London. 1808.

The Life of Admiral Lord Nelson, K. B. from his Lordship's Manuscripts. By the Rev. Stanier Clarke, F. R. S. Librarian to the Prince, and Chaplain to his Royal Highness's Household; and John M'Arthur, Esq. L. L. D. late Secretary to Admiral Lord Viscount Hood. 2 vols. Imperial 4to. pp. 556. London. 1809.

OF all literary tasks, that of the biographer might appear at first to be the easiest. He has but to relate his tale simply and faithfully, and if the subject of that tale be one in whose history the present age or the future can feel any rational interest, the matter will support the style. Philosophick biography, though requiring higher powers, is not, perhaps, of much greater utility than an unambitious narrative, which, when full and faithful, enables the thinking reader to extract its philosophy for himself. But seldom does such a specimen occur. For if the

writer has not been familiarly conversant with him whose memory he undertakes to preserve, he will be deficient in knowledge, and the portrait will fail in those finer lines which give individual character. If, on the other hand, he has been nearly connected with the dead, he will hardly become an impartial historian. It is difficult for him not to extenuate some things, or to set down others in malice; at least, it is scarcely possible for him to escape the suspicion of having done so.

There is also another cause of imperfection in biography. The wri-

ter may have sense enough to avoid that idle exaggeration which eventually injures the reputation it is intended to aggrandize; he may understand how his task ought to be performed, and be disposed to perform it with fidelity, and yet circumstances may exist which compel him to leave it imperfect, and therefore in some degree unfaithful. The feelings of the living must never be sacrificed to the celebrity of the dead; and before the time arrives when the whole truth might allowably be told, those persons from whom alone it could be collected, pass away with their generation. The life of Thomas Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, was written by one of his friends, and the most extraordinary and characteristick incidents of his life were totally suppressed. Chatterton was insane—better proof of this than the coroner's verdict is, that there was insanity in his family. His biographers were not informed of this important fact; and the editors of his collected works forbore to state it, because the collection was made for the benefit of his surviving relations, a sister and niece, in both of whom (both are now no more) the disease had manifested itself. In these cases the suppression was allowable and right; but not unfrequently the dead have been embalmed, when for the instruction of posterity they ought to have been dissected. It is not necessary, that the evil deeds of all men should be written in brass; but the effrontery of cloaking them over, not merely by indiscriminate eulogy, but by praising them for qualities the very opposite to those by which they were marked, is a species of falsehood as severely to be reprobated in literary history, as the crime of bearing false witness is in a court of law. There may be no occasion to gibbet such offenders; but it is intolerable that they should lie in state.

The time is not yet come when the life of our great Nelson can be

fully and faithfully related; his private history cannot be laid open without greater injury to individual feelings than the publick has any right to inflict for the gratification of its curiosity; and of the political transactions in which he bore so great a part, the views which he entertained, and the projects which he formed, there are some which could not be exposed without great and manifest imprudence.

We have before us four lives of this admirable man, who, like our own Shakspeare, surpassing in his sphere of action all who have gone before him, remains himself, we fear, never to be surpassed, and probably never to be equalled. The first is by Mr. Charnock, author of a *Biographia Navalis*, and of a laborious and expensive *History of Marine Architecture*. Mr. Charnock had a passion for a naval life, and not being permitted to follow it, employed himself with great ardour upon naval history; but he was of too eager a temper to execute all the important works which he undertook. Born to fair prospects, and endowed with talents the most promising, and a disposition to employ them honourably and usefully for himself and for society, his life was embittered and shortened by undeserved misfortunes. Captain Locker, the late lieutenant governour of Greenwich hospital, suggested this undertaking even during the life of Nelson, and supplied him with a series of letters and with all the information which he possessed. Mr. Charnock had no other sources of private history; and for those publick actions "wherewith all Europe rings from side to side," he contented himself with copying the *Gazettes* and *Naval Chronicles*. Professing to be only a faithful collector and reporter of such authentick intelligence as lay widely scattered, he proposed, if no other person undertook a work upon a larger scale, to devote to it all the intervals which "an uncertain state of health

and many private concerns might allow him." This, however, was his last performance, and from the manner in which it is executed, it seems to have been hastily compiled for the sake of obtaining some temporary relief in his embarrassments.

The second in order of time is by Mr. Harrison. This gentleman's former attempts in literature were of no very high order. In the present instance he asserts that he has been "honoured by the kindest communications from some whose near affinity to the immortal Nelson is evidently more than nominal; as well as from other dear and intimate friends, professional and private, who were united to his lordship by the closest ties of a tender reciprocal amity." It seems as if these friends of lord Nelson were in search of a writer who would undertake to justify the only culpable parts of his conduct, and found Harrison a person fit for their purpose.

Mr. Churchill's is the third. This is a publication of Mr. Bowyer's appearing, as he informs us, under his majesty's patronage. It is to be considered as a vehicle for prints. The best of them are not very good either in design or execution, and some are absolutely contemptible. The book contains one anecdote not to be found in either of the other accounts. Lord Nelson sat to Mr. Bowyer for his picture, while Miss Andrews modelled his head in wax on the other side, upon which he observed that he was not used to be *taken* in that manner starboard and larboard at the same time.

The last and greatest of these attempts was long announced as a national work. The nation expected, and was entitled to expect, that while cities vied with each other in consecrating statues in marble and brass to the memory of our Nelson, a literary monument would be erected which should record his deeds for the immortal glory of his own country and the admiration of the

rest of the world. But when Mr. Stanier Clarke announced himself as the authorized biographer, the publick were equally grieved and astonished that such a task should be consigned to such hands. This gentleman undertook a History of the Progress of Maritime Discovery, which was to extend to seven ponderous quartos. The first made its appearance in 1803, and was so decidedly condemned that no second has followed it. Never was the severity of modern criticism more righteously administered. The author believed that a Roman catholic king had a Jew rabbi for his confessor; he believed that the works of Adam were in existence; he believed in Kissæus; he believed in Jacob Bryant; he believed in lieutenant Wilford; he believed in the Puranas, the books of the Buddhists, the Pharangh-Jehangari, and the Buddha-dharmacharya-sindhuh; he believed that Noah's ark was the best model for a ship, and to show his learning, he always called that ark the divine Thebath. Never had any work displayed such a mass of mock erudition crude as it had been swallowed down, such an accumulation of irrelevant and worthless matter, and such a deficiency of requisite knowledge. He published also a collection of accounts of shipwrecks, under the title of *Naufragia*, in the first volume of which he inserted a story as fabulous as Philip Quarle; and in the second, when the criticks had charged him with this absurdity, vindicated himself by asserting that he knew the story to be false, but had inserted it nevertheless, because the example which it held forth would be as useful as if it were true. What merits then, after such proofs of incapacity, had Mr. Stanier Clarke to plead, that the publick documents for the Life of Nelson should be delivered into his hands? The base system of favouritism has done injury to England, without extending itself to literature.

Mr Stanier Clarke had not long issued his proposals before he discovered that Dr. McArthur had obtained possession of a different series of documents, and it was soon announced that a union of both collections had been arranged. Of Dr. McArthur the publick knew little or nothing; but as no co-operator could injure the performance of his colleague, it was reasonably to be supposed that any one would improve it. Accordingly the work contains nothing about Noah's ark, it does not even go back to the origin of the British navy; quotations are not dealt out in it by the yard, neither are there any fabulous stories introduced, though they might be as entertaining as if they were true. Still as a composition it is grievously defective; it is ill proportioned, confused, unsatisfactory in some of the most important parts, and so imperfect that a supplement is hinted at, though it is the bulkiest work of its kind that has been seen in modern times.

In general, criticks may be said to deal out their strictures by dry measure. This, however, is so ponderous a concern, that it may more fitly be estimated by avoirdupois weight. We have weighed it in the balance, and a score weight kicks the beam. This is calculating not merely upon an appetite in the publick, but upon an absolute bulimia. Is it to be supposed that they can possibly digest one and twenty pounds of biography, even when Nelson is the subject?

"O scrittor di tomi immensi
Sai tu come il saggio pensi?
Misurare un libro suole
Dal valor, non dalla mole."

PIGNOTTI.

This has been occasioned by an attempt at combining two incompatible objects. The editors had obtained an immense mass of documents, private and official. Either a Life of Nelson should have been

compiled from them, or the documents themselves should have been arranged and printed, as materials for history, under the title of the Nelson Papers. They have professed to form a narrative, but the main part of the book consists of extracts from these papers, so that it is rather a work of reference than a biographical composition. Hence its enormous bulk. One volume was promised, two have been produced; and so ill had the extent of the materials been calculated, and their arrangement preconcerted, that the account of the funeral, and even the Will of Nelson are omitted. They are "unavoidably postponed," we are told; that is, there was no room left for them. Yet these things could not have amounted to an additional ounce, and when the commodity exceeds a score that might have been thrown in as a feather in the scale.

Something must be said of the manner in which this work is adorned. Mr. Stanier Clarke well understands this branch of art; his edition of Falconer's Shipwreck is more appropriately embellished than any book which has been produced in the present age of ornamental literature. Some of the prints are fine; the subjects are not, however, all well chosen. The great naval actions must of course be utterly uninteresting to any but seamen. For all useful purposes the plans which are annexed are better, and surely such prints have nothing but their utility to recommend them. No disrespect is intended towards the artist; we are fully convinced of his skill in subjects of this description. Our objection is not to the instance, but to the kind. Such representations affect us infinitely less than a narrative of the same events. Far from heightening the images which present themselves to the reader's imagination, they diminish and deaden them, and produce a *bathos* visible from the effect of

which it requires an effort to recover. The only way in which such subjects can be so treated as to impress the beholder, is by taking just so much of the scene, as is within the scope of the picturesque, and in which human action and human passions may be exhibited. But when whole fleets are to be shown upon the seas, the scale to which they must be diminished, brings forcibly into contrast the greatness of nature and the littleness of our greatest works. No art can overcome this difficulty, and the proudest vessel that ever rode the wave, and thundered upon its foe, becomes as mean an object as the ship of an eight day clock, keeping time with its motions to the click of the pendulum.

Two prints might have been spared. That of stepping into the boat to board the American is one. The writers did well to record the circumstance, because it had been erroneously stated in other publications, so as most undeservedly to affect the reputation of another officer, and this error they have with due feeling rectified. But there is nothing extraordinary in it. Yet this subject, trivial as it is, has been selected for the artist, both in this official life, and in Mr. Bowyer's publication. The other is the frontispiece. Its subject is the immortality of Nelson; for the design of which we refer to the work. p. 37. Profusely as Mr. Stanier Clarke has there strowed the flowers of his rhetoric, it is not all his style ornate which can conceal the absurdities of the composition. In the right hand corner of the piece is a dolphin's head, and over the dolphin is a hand belonging to we know not what, and over the hand is the head of a triton or sea devil; and over him is a horse's head, and over the horse are boys and girls, sons and daughters of the union, we are told "preparing the mournful sable," &c. &c. The famous situation of Dr. Bur-

ney with his harpsichord in the Thames, appears perfectly reasonable and convenient, when compared with this accumulation of incongruities. Why will painters thus wantonly abuse their prerogative? There will come a time, we trust, when such gross allegories will be deemed as repugnant to true taste, as the anthropomorphism of catholic church-picture, is to true religion. The invisible world is not within the artist's province.

We have thus previously stated all which it was requisite to observe upon the book, that dismissing all other thoughts, we might enter upon its subject with the feeling which it requires. The best eulogium of Nelson is the history of his actions; the best history that which shall relate them most perspicuously.

Horatio Nelson was born on Michaelmas day 1758, in the parsonage house of Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk. Edmund, his father, was rector of that parish, his mother was descended from the Walpole family. He was first sent to the High School at Norwich, then to North Walsham. During the Christmas holidays of the year 1770, he read in the newspaper that his mother's brother, captain Maurice Suckling, was appointed to the *Raisonable* of 64 guns. Young as he was, he knew that eight children were a heavier burthen than his father's income could well support, and had often expressed a wish to remove his part of the weight. It was the thought of providing for himself which now actuated him. "Do, brother William," said he, "write to my father, and tell him I should like to go to sea with uncle Maurice." Mr. Nelson, who was then at Bath, understood the generous nature of the boy's feelings, but did not oppose his resolution. Accordingly he wrote to his brother-in-law. Captain Suckling had promised to provide for one of the children in his own

profession; but this was not the one which he would have chosen, because of the delicacy of his constitution. "What," said he, in his answer, "has poor Horace done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action, a cannon ball may knock off his head and provide for him at once." Yet Horace had already given such indications of a noble spirit, that had the uncle known them, he would have perceived the boy was choosing the course in which his heart and temper qualified him to run a glorious career.

In the spring of 1771, his father sent him to join the ship, then lying in the Medway. At the end of the journey he was put down with the other passengers, and left to find his way how he could. After wandering about in the cold, he was at last observed by an officer, who asked him a few questions, and happening to know his uncle, took him home and gave him some refreshments. When he got on board, captain Suckling had not joined, and he paced the deck the remainder of the day without being noticed by any one. The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil, when the living branch is cut from the parent tree, is one of the most poignant that we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so poignantly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to this, the sea-boy has to endure physical hardships, the privation of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate

heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service.

The Reasonable did not remain long in commission. Our dispute with Spain respecting the Falkland Islands being adjusted, she was paid off, and captain Suckling was appointed to a guard ship in the Medway. This he considered as too inactive a life for his nephew, and therefore sent him in a merchant ship to the West Indies, under a Mr. Rathbone, who had formerly been master's mate with him in the Dreadnought. "I came back," says Nelson, "a practical seaman, with a horror of the royal navy, and with a saying then constant with the seamen, *aft the most honour, forward the better man.*" So strongly was he possessed with this prejudice, that when on his return captain Suckling received him on board, it was many weeks before he was in the least reconciled to a man of war. His uncle, who perceived this, and who seems also to have rightly appreciated the boy's character, held out to him as his reward, that if he attended well to navigation, he should go in the cutter and decked long boat, which was attached to the commanding officer's ship; and thus he became a good pilot from Chatham to the Tower of London, down the Swin, and the North Foreland, and confident of himself among rocks and sands, which he said, afterwards, was of great comfort to him.

In the ensuing year, an expedition of discovery towards the north pole was sent out under captain Phipps, in consequence of an application from the Royal Society; and though, on account of the severity of the service, effective men were entered instead of the usual number of boys, Horatio used all his influence to go with captain Lutwidge in the Carcass as his cockswain. One night when the ice was all round them, the young cockswain, and a shipmate of his own standing, stole from the

ship to hunt a bear. It was not long before they were missed. A thick fog had come on, and captain Lutwidge was exceedingly anxious for their safety. Between three and four in the morning the mist cleared off, and they were seen at a considerable distance, in pursuit of their game. —The signal was made for their return, but Nelson was too intent upon his object to obey it. A chasm in the ice luckily separated him from the beast; his musket flashed in the pan. "Never mind," said he, "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the but-end, and we shall have him." A gun from the ship terrified the animal, and Nelson was obliged to return disappointed, and expecting a reprimand. Captain Lutwidge reproved him somewhat sternly, and asked him what reason he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," he replied, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to get the skin for my father."

The situation of the ships became so alarming, that captain Phipps thought it necessary to prepare the boats for going away. They were accordingly hoisted out and hauled over the ice; and Nelson had the command of a four oared cutter with twelve men. This was at his own solicitation, and he says he prided himself in fancying he could navigate her better than any other boat in the ship. Soon after his return, his uncle recommended him to captain Farmer of the *Sea-Horse*, 20 guns, then going out to India, in the squadron under sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the fore-top at watch and watch. The master (now captain Surridge) soon perceived how desirous he was to make himself acquainted with the minutest part of a seaman's duty, and therefore particularly recommended him to the captain, who accordingly placed him on the quarter deck, and rated him as midshipman. The service which he went through had

strengthened his constitution, his countenance at this time was florid, and he seemed rather stout and athletick; but in India he caught one of the malignant diseases of that climate so fatal to European habits; it totally deprived him for a time of the use of his limbs, and nearly brought him to the grave. In consequence of this, he returned to Europe with captain Pigot in the *Dolphin* [1776] in so perilous a state of weakness, that he attributed the preservation of his life to that officer's kind attentions. During this voyage, his mind was heavily depressed. He had formed acquaintance with the present sir Charles Pole, sir Thomas Troubridge, and other distinguished officers, then, like himself, beginning their career; he had left them pursuing it in full enjoyment of health and hope, and was now returning with a body broken down by sickness, and spirits that had sunk with his strength. Long afterwards when the fame of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at that time endured. "I felt impressed," said he, "with an idea that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patrons. 'Well then,' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence I will brave every danger.'" From that hour, as he often declared to captain Hardy, a radiant orb was suspended before his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown. No person has ever looked to the attainment of any great and worthy object without experiencing similar fluctuations. Nel-

son spoke of these aspirations of his youth as if they had in them a character of divinity, as if

"The light which led him on
Was light from Heaven."

The previous fits of dejection were altogether causeless. His prospects were fair, and his progress almost as rapid as it could be. When he reached England, he found his uncle comptroller of the navy and was immediately appointed to act as fourth lieutenant of the Worcester, 64 guns, capt. Mark Robinson, then on the point of sailing to Gibraltar. His age might have been a sufficient cause for not intrusting him with the charge of a watch, yet the captain used to say he felt as easy when he was upon deck, as any other officer in the ship. On the 8th of April 1777, he past his examination. Capt. Suckling sat at the head of the table, and when it had ended in a manner highly honourable to him, introduced him as his nephew. The examining captains expressed their surprise that he had not told them of this relationship before. "No," replied the comptroller, "I did not wish the young man to be favoured. I felt convinced that he would pass a good examination, and you see I have not been disappointed." On the following day, Nelson received his commission as second lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, captain William Locker, then fitting out for Jamaica. After a year's active service, he was removed to the Bristol, the flag-ship of sir Peter Parker, to whom captain Locker had warmly recommended him. The present lord Collingwood who succeeded to the command so many years afterwards, upon his glorious death, succeeded him now in the Lowestoffe, and again in the flag ship, when on the 8th of December, the same year, he was made commander into the Badger brig, at the age of one and twenty. Six months afterwards, he acquired the last step, being made post into the Hinchinbrook, 28 guns.

A plan had been formed by general Dalling, and approved by the government at home, for taking fort San Juan, upon the river of the same name, which flows from lake Nicaragua to the Atlantick. The force appointed for this expedition, amounting to about 500 men, were convoyed by Nelson from Jamaica to the Spanish main; and here his services were to have ended. But there was not a man in the whole party who had ever been up the river San Juan; he therefore manned the Mosquito shore craft, and two of the Hinchinbrook's boats, and resolved to carry the soldiers up himself. Of all the services in which he had been engaged, this was the most perilous. It was the latter end of the dry season; the river was low, full of shoals and sandy beaches, and the men were often obliged to quit the boats and drag them through shallow channels, which the Indians went before them to explore. This labour and that of forcing their way up the rapids, was chiefly sustained by the sailors; men accustomed at all times to rely upon their own exertions, and at all times sure to do their duty. Seven or eight hours during the day they were exposed to a burning sun, rendered more intolerable by being reflected from dry shoals of white sand; at night they suffered equally from heavy dews. On the ninth of April they arrived at a small island called St. Bartholomew, which commanded the river in a rapid and difficult part, and was defended by a battery mounting nine or ten swivels. Nelson, according to his own phrase, best expressive of a seaman's feeling, resolved to *board* this out-post. Putting himself at the head of a few sailors, he leaped upon the beach. Captain Despard, since so unhappily notorious, gallantly supported him, and they stormed the battery. Two days afterwards they came in sight of the castle of San Juan, and began to besiege it on the 13th. It surren-

dered on the 24th. Before that time the bad weather had set in. Sailors, soldiers, and Indians, sunk alike under it; the latter from unwonted exertions, the Europeans from the deadly effects of a climate allotted, by the distribution of nature, to a race of different colour and complexion. All that victory procured them was a cessation from toil. No supplies were found, and the castle itself was worse than a prison. The hovels which were used as a hospital were surrounded with putrescent hides, and when orders were obtained from the commander in chief to build one, the sickness had become so general, that there were no hands to work at it. The rains continued with few intervals from April till October, when they abandoned their baneful conquest. Of 1800 who were sent to different posts upon this ill fated scheme, only 380 returned. Nelson narrowly escaped. His advice had been to carry the castle by assault; instead of which eleven days were spent in the formalities of a siege. He returned to Bluefield a day before its surrender, exhausted with fatigue, and suffering under a dysentery. There he received an appointment to the Janus, of 44 guns, vacant by the death of captain Glover, son to the author of Leonidas. This providential promotion removed him from the fatal station just in time, and he reached Jamaica in such a state of sickness, that he was carried ashore in his cot. The careful attendance of a good old negress, and afterwards of sir Peter Parker and his lady, saved his life; but his health had suffered so severely that he was soon compelled to return to England.

Soon after his recovery, he was appointed to the Albemarle, 28 guns, and sent to the North Seas. During this voyage, he gained a considerable knowledge of the Danish coast and its soundings; knowledge which afterwards proved of such importance to his country. On

his return, he was ordered to Quebec. Here he became acquainted with the well known Mr. Alexander Davison, who saved him from an imprudent marriage. Nelson was about to quit the station, had taken leave of his friends, and gone down the river to the place where men of war usually anchor. Nevertheless, the next morning, as Mr. Davison was walking on the beach, he saw him coming back in his boat. He could not he said, leave Quebec without offering himself and his fortune to the woman whom he loved. Davison told him his utter ruin, situated as he was, must inevitably follow. "Then let it follow," was his reply; "for I am resolved to do it." His friend, however, was equally resolute that he should not; and after some dispute, Nelson with no very good grace, suffered himself to be led back to his boat.

Shortly after this, he became acquainted with prince William Henry, the present duke of Clarence, then serving as midshipman in the Barfleur under lord Hood. "I had the watch on deck," says his royal highness, "when captain Nelson came in his barge along side; who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld: and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full laced uniform; his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extraordinary length. The old fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice; for I had never seen any thing like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. There was a something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation, and an enthusiasm when speaking on professional subjects which showed that he was no common being."

Lord Hood, who had been intimately acquainted with captain Suckling, took the Albemarle with

him to the West Indies, and treated Nelson with the most gratifying kindness. "He treats me," says Nelson, "as if I were his son: nor is my situation with prince William less flattering. Lord Hood was so kind as to tell him (indeed I cannot make use of expressions strong enough to describe what I felt) that if he wished to ask questions relative to naval tactics, I could give him as much information as any officer in the fleet. He will be, I am certain, an ornament to our service. He is a seaman, which you could hardly suppose. Every other qualification you may expect from him; but he will be a disciplinarian and a strong one." It is a proof of good judgment and good feeling in the prince, that he should, at first sight, have perceived the worth of Nelson, and have honoured him with every mark of friendship, from that time till, it may without disrespect be said, the friendship of Nelson became an honour to him.

Peace was now concluded, and the Albemarle returned to England, and was paid off. Nelson took this opportunity to pass a few months in France. He was then appointed to the *Boreas*, 28 guns, going to the Leeward Islands as a cruiser on the peace establishment. While the vessel was at anchor in Nevis Road, a French frigate past to leeward close along shore. Nelson had received information that this frigate was sent from Martinico for the purpose of making a survey of our West India islands. This he was determined to prevent. Accordingly he followed her to St. Eustatia, and being invited by the Dutch governour to meet the French officers at dinner, he took that opportunity of assuring the captain, that, understanding it was his intention to honour the British possessions with a visit, he had taken the earliest opportunity in his power to accompany them in his majesty's ship the *Boreas*, in order that such attention might be paid to

the officer of his most christian majesty, as every Englishman in the islands would be proud to show! The French, with equal courtesy, protested against giving him this trouble; but Nelson, with the utmost politeness, insisted upon paying them the compliment, followed them close, in spite of all their attempts to elude his vigilance, and never lost sight of them, till finding it impossible either to deceive or escape him, they gave up their intention in despair, and beat up for Martinico.

The Americans at this time, taking advantage of the registers of the vessels issued while they were British subjects, carried on a great trade with our West India islands. Nelson, knowing that this was in direct violation of the navigation act, determined to put an end to it. "If once," said he, "the Americans are admitted to any kind of intercourse with these islands, the views of the loyalists, in settling Nova Scotia, are entirely done away; and when we are again embroiled in a French war, the Americans will first become the carriers of these colonies, and then have possession of them. The commander in chief was disposed to gratify the planters by winking at this illicit trade. The governour of the Leeward Islands, sir Thomas Shirley, when Nelson addressed him upon the subject, told him that old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen. Nelson replied: "sir, I am as old as the prime minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of his majesty's ships, as that minister is of governing the state." Resolved to do his duty, he ordered all American vessels to quit the islands in eight and forty hours; declaring, that if they refused, or presumed to land their cargoes, he would seize them. The Americans resisted these orders. The planters were, to a man, against him. The governours and

presidents of the islands gave him no support; and the admiral, afraid to act on either side, but wishing to oblige the planters, advised him to be guided by the wishes of the presidents of the council. This there was no danger in disobeying; but after a while he issued an order requiring the officers under his command not to hinder the Americans from having free ingress and egress if the governour chose to allow them. General Shirley and others sent him letters little different from orders in their style. "These persons," says he, "I soon trimmed up and silenced. Sir Richard Hughes's was a more delicate business. I must either disobey my orders or disobey acts of parliament. I determined upon the former, trusting to the uprightness of my intentions, and believing that my country would not allow me to be ruined by protecting her commerce." Accordingly he wrote to the admiral, and, in respectful language, told him he should decline obeying his orders till he had an opportunity of seeing and talking to him. Sir Richard's first feeling was that of anger, and he was about to supersede Nelson; but having mentioned the business to his captain, the latter told him, he believed all the squadron thought he had issued illegal orders, and, therefore, did not know how far they were bound to obey him.— Luckily, though the admiral wanted vigour of mind to decide upon what was right, he was not obstinate in wrong; and he afterwards thanked Nelson for having shown him his error.

At Nevis, the *Boreas* found four American vessels deeply laden, with the island colours flying. They were ordered to hoist their proper flag, and leave it in eight and forty hours. At first, they denied their country, and refused to obey; but, upon being examined before the judge of the admiralty, they confessed that they were Americans, and that their ves-

sels and cargoes were wholly American property. Upon this Nelson seized them. The governour, the custom house, and the planters were all against him. The admiral, though his flag was then in the roads, stood neutral; and subscriptions were raised to carry on the causes against him. This was not all: the marines whom he had sent on board the vessels, hindered some of the masters from going on shore. Instigated by an attorney, they declared that they had been put in bodily fear while the depositions were taking; for that a man with a drawn sword stood over them the whole time. This was the sentry at the cabin door; but the exaggeration served their purpose. Suits were taken out against Nelson, and damages laid to the enormous amount of 40,000*l*. At the trial he was protected by the judge for the day. The marshal was called upon to arrest him, and the merchants promised to indemnify him for so doing. The judge, however, did his duty, and threatened to send him to prison if he attempted to violate the protection of the court. The president of Nevis, Mr. Herbert, behaved with singular generosity on this occasion. Though no man had suffered more by the measures which Nelson thought it his duty to pursue, he offered to become his bail for 10,000*l*. if he chose to suffer the arrest. His lawyer proved an able as well as an honest man; and, notwithstanding the opinions and pleadings of the counsel of the different islands, that ships of war were not authorized to seize American traders without a deputation from the customs, the law was so plain, the case so clear, and Nelson maintained his cause so well, that the four ships with their cargoes were condemned. During this affair he sent a memorial to the king in consequence of which, orders were forwarded to defend him at the expense of the crown; and upon the representation which he made at the

same time to the secretary of state, the register act was framed. The treasury, upon this occasion, transmitted thanks to sir Richard Hughes, and the officers under him, for their activity and zeal in protecting the commerce of Great Britain! "I feel much hurt," said Nelson, "that after the loss of health, and risk of fortune, another should be thanked for what I did, and against his orders. I either deserved to be sent out of the service, or at least to have had some little notice taken of what I had done. They have thought it worthy of notice, and yet have neglected me."

At Nevis, Nelson became acquainted with Mrs. Nisbet, a widow in her eighteenth year. His correspondence with this lady from the time it commenced, till after many years of a happy marriage, it was so strangely broken off, has been kindly though reluctantly intrusted to Messrs. Clarke and M^rArthur. They were married March 11, 1787; prince William Henry, at his own desire, giving away the bride. Some part of his stay in the West Indies was employed in detecting publick frauds, and in endeavouring to obtain publick justice. But the speculators were too powerful; and they succeeded, not only in impeding inquiry, but in raising prejudices against Nelson at the board of admiralty, which prevailed for many years. He returned to England a few months after his marriage. By a cruel neglect, the *Boreas* was kept from the end of June till the end of November at the Nore, as a slop and receiving ship. This unworthy treatment, occasioned probably by the influence of the speculators, excited in Nelson the strongest indignation. During the whole four months he seldom or never quitted the ship, but was observed to carry on the duty with strict and sullen attention. When orders were received to prepare the *Boreas* for being paid off, he expressed his joy to the senior officer

in the Medway: "It will release me for ever from an ungrateful service, as it is my firm and unalterable determination never again to set my foot on board a king's ship. Immediately after my arrival in town, I shall wait on the first lord of the admiralty and resign my commission." The officer, finding it in vain to reason with him against this resolution in his present state of feeling, used his secret interference with the first lord of the admiralty to save Nelson from taking a step so injurious to himself; little foreseeing how deeply the welfare and honour of England depended upon his decision. This friendly representation produced a letter from lord Howe, intimating a wish to see him on his arrival in town. Pleased with his conversation, and perfectly convinced by what was then explained to him of the propriety of his conduct, he desired to present him to the king on the first levee day, and the gracious manner in which Nelson was received, effectually removed his resentment.

The affair of the American captains was not yet over. Nelson had retired to his father's parsonage, where he amused himself with rural occupations and rural sports. It was his great ambition at this time to possess a pony. While he was gone to purchase one at a neighbouring fair, two men entered the parsonage and inquired for him. They then asked for Mrs. Nelson, and presented her with a notification on the part of the American captains, who now laid their damages at 20,000*l*. On Nelson's return, in high glee, with his pony, the paper was presented to him. His indignation and astonishment may well be imagined. "This affront," he exclaimed, "I did not deserve, but I will be trifled with no longer. I will write immediately to the treasury, and if government will not support me I am resolved to leave the country." Accordingly he informed the treasury

that if a satisfactory answer were not sent by return of post, he should take refuge in France. Mr. Rose's answer was that captain Nelson was a very good officer, and need be under no apprehension; for he would assuredly be supported.

Notwithstanding the expenses of a ship in time of peace, he was anxious to be employed, and repeatedly applied to the admiralty, requesting that he might not be left to rust in indolence. "I must still," he says in one of his letters, "buffet the waves in search of—what? Alas! that thing called honour is now thought of no more. My integrity cannot, I hope, be amended; but my fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service,—so much for serving my country! I have invariably laid down and followed close a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer, that it is much better to serve an ungrateful country than to give up his own fame. Posterity will do him justice." During the Nootka armament he applied for employment, and his disappointment in not succeeding induced him again to resolve upon retiring from the service; a resolution from which he was dissuaded by the urgent remonstrances of lord Hood. Hearing that the *Raisonable*, in which he had commenced his career, was to be commissioned, he wrote to lord Chatham to ask for her. His application was again ineffectual, and a coolness ensued on his part towards lord Hood because the latter declined interesting himself with lord Chatham upon this occasion. Lord Hood, however, continued his steady friend, and the duke of Clarence, when affairs assumed a threatening aspect, in 1792, assured him that if matters grew serious, he should be employed. This letter was written December 6th, and it is extraordinary that his royal highness then says: "I much doubt whether any fleet will be equipped, and still less

do I see any chance of a rupture between this country and France." Just at this time, Nelson had again written to the admiralty, and after earnestly requesting a ship, added, or if their lordships should be pleased to appoint me to a *cockle boat* I shall feel grateful." The answer which he received was in the ordinary office terms: "Sir, I have received your letter of the 5th instant, expressing your readiness to serve, and I have read the same to my lords commissioners of the admiralty." Nevertheless, by the influence of the duke and lord Hood, he was appointed January 30th, 1793, to the *Agamemnon* of 64 guns.

The temper with which Nelson engaged in this war is manifested in the instructions he gave to one of his midshipmen. "There are three things, young gentleman, which you are constantly to bear in mind: first, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety: secondly, you must consider every man as your enemy who speaks ill of your king: and thirdly you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." Joshua Nisbet, his son-in-law, went out with him as a midshipman. The *Agamemnon* was ordered to the Mediterranean under lord Hood, and there Nelson commenced a career first of unexampled exertion, and finally of unequalled glory.

His first exertions were rather of a military than naval character. The distinguished part which he bore in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi is now first detailed in Messrs. Clarke and M'Arthur's work, from his journal, his official correspondence, and his letters to Mrs. Nelson. After St. Fiorenzo had surrendered, lord Hood submitted to general Dundas, a plan for the reduction of Bastia. The general declined cooperating D'Aubert, who succeeded to the command of the army, coincided in opinion with his predecessor, and

did not think it right to furnish his lordship with a single soldier. He obtained only a few artillery men and ordering on board that part of the troops who having embarked as marines, were born on the ships' books as part of their respective complements, began the siege with 1183 soldiers, artillery men and marines, and 250 sailors. "We are but few" says Nelson, "but of the right sort, our general, at St. Fiorenzo, not giving us one of the five regiments he has there lying idle."

They were landed April 4th, under lieutenant colonel Villettes, and Nelson, who had obtained from the army the title of brigadier. The sailors dragged the guns up the heights, a work of the greatest difficulty, and which he said, would never have been accomplished by any but British seamen. The soldiers behaved with the same spirit: "Their zeal," said he "is, I believe almost unexampled. There is not a man but considers himself as personally interested in the event, and deserted by the general; it has, I am persuaded, made them equal to double their numbers." This is one of many proofs, that to make our soldiers equal to our seamen, it is only necessary that they should be equally well commanded. They have the same heart and soul, as well as the same flesh and blood. Too much may, indeed, be exacted from them in a retreat; but with their face towards a foe, there is nothing within the reach of human achievement which they cannot perform. The siege continued nearly seven weeks. On the 19th of May, a treaty of capitulation was begun. That same evening the troops made their first appearance on the hills, and on the following morning general D'Aubert arrived with the whole army to take Bastia! The event of the siege had justified the opinion of the sailors, but they themselves excused the judgment of the generals when they saw their conquest. "I

am all astonishment," says Nelson, "when I reflect on what we have achieved; 1000 regulars, 1500 national guards, and a large body of Corsican troops laying down their arms to 1000 soldiers and marines, and 200 seamen." "I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never have had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen. Had this been an English town, I am sure it would not have been taken." The enemy were supposed to be far inferior in number when it was resolved to attack the place, and it was not till the whole had been arranged and publickly determined on, that Nelson received certain information of their great superiority. This intelligence he kept secret, fearing that the attempt would be abandoned if so fair a pretext were afforded. "My own honour," said he to Mrs. Nelson, "lord Hood's honour, and the honour of our country, must all have been sacrificed had I mentioned what I knew. Therefore you will believe what must have been my feelings during the whole siege, when I had often proposals made to me to write to lord Hood to raise it." Those very persons who had given him this advice, were rewarded for their conduct. Nelson received no reward.

The siege of Calvi was carried on by general Stuart, an officer who, unfortunately for his country, never had an adequate field allotted him for the eminent talents with which he was gifted. Nelson had less responsibility here than at Bastia, but the service was not less hard. "We will fag ourselves to death," said he to lord Hood, "before any blame shall be at our doors. I trust it will not be forgotten, that twenty five pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries, and mounted; and all but three fought by seamen." More than four months he was thus employed on shore, till he felt almost qualified to

pass his examination as a besieging general. The climate proved more destructive than the war. Nelson described himself as the reed among the oaks, bowing before the storm when they were laid low. "All the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have not strength for them to fasten upon. One plan I pursue, never to employ a doctor. Nature does all for me, and Providence protects me." His services before Calvi were, by an unpardonable omission, altogether overlooked: his name did not even appear in the list of wounded, though he had lost an eye. "One hundred and ten days" said he, "I have been actually engaged at sea and on shore against the enemy. Three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my own ship, four boat actions, and two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know that any one has done more. I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my commanders in chief, but never to be rewarded; and what is more mortifying, for service in which I have been wounded, others have been praised, who at the time were actually in bed, far from the scene of action. They have not done me justice; but never mind—I'll have a gazette of my own." How amply was this second sight of glory realized!

The same prophetick feeling breaks out in a letter written after admiral Hotham's action in the Mediterranean. In this action Nelson had born a splendid part. During the first day, when there was no ship of the line within several miles to support him, he engaged the *Ca Ira* of 84 guns, which having carried away her main and fore-top masts, was taken in tow by a frigate. This ship he engaged for two hours and a half, during which time 110 of her men were killed and wounded; and on the following day, came up with her again in tow of the *Censeur* 74. A partial action ensued,

till the French judged it more prudent to abandon these ships, than risk the loss of more.

It was not long before a colonelcy of marines was given him; a thing which he had hoped for rather than expected. It came in good time, when his spirits were considerably oppressed by the feeling that his services were not acknowledged as they deserved. The *Agamemnon* now entered upon a new line of service, being appointed with a small squadron of frigates to cooperate with general Devins. He began in high spirits, but the want of activity and decision in the Austrian generals, soon gave him melancholy forebodings of what was to follow. His own exertions were unremitted, but he was crippled for want of means. Weak as his force was, it was almost reduced to nothing by sir Hyde Parker, after admiral Hotham had struck his flag. He left him only one frigate and a brig, whereas he had demanded two seventy-fours and eight or ten frigates or sloops, to ensure safety to the army. That army received a defeat from which it never recovered. The generals, of course, imputed it to the want of naval cooperation, asserting, that if their left wing had not been exposed to the fire of the French gun boats, it would not have happened. The left wing, was, however, the only part of the army that was not routed, but retreated in a body; and in good order. "I pretend not to say," says Nelson, "that the Austrians would not have been beat had not the gun boats harassed them, for in my conscience I believe they would; but I believe the French could not have attacked, had we destroyed all their vessels of war." Vado, and every other place in the Riviera of Genoa, fell into the enemy's hands; and Buonaparte, who now arrived to take the command of the French army, began his destructive career.

To follow Nelson through his subsequent services in the Mediterra-

nean, till the fate of Italy was decided, would far exceed the utmost limits of a journal like this. In the whole of his conduct he displayed the same zeal, the same indefatigable energy, the same intuitive judgment, the same decision, which always characterized him. While his name was hardly known to the English public, it was feared and respected throughout Italy. A letter came to him directed: "Horatio Nelson, Genoa." When the writer was asked how he could direct it so vaguely, he replied: "There is but one Horatio Nelson in the world." In the letter wherein he mentions this to his wife, he says: "Had all my actions been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed during the whole war, without a letter from me. One day or other I will have a long gazette to myself; I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight. Wherever there is any thing to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps."

These hopes and anticipations were soon to be fulfilled. His mind had long been irritated and depressed by the fear that a general action would take place before he joined the fleet. At length he sailed from the Mediterranean with a convoy for Gibraltar, whence he proceeded to the westward in search of the admiral. Off the mouth of the straits, he fell in with the Spanish fleet, and on the 13th February, communicated the intelligence to sir John Jervis. Nelson, now commodore, was directed to shift his broad pendant on board the Captain, and before sunset the signal was made to prepare for action. At day break the enemy were in sight. The British force consisted of two ships of 100 guns, two of 98, two of 90, eight of 74, and one of 64; with four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spaniards had one four decker of 136, six three deckers of 112, two of 84, and eighteen of 74, with ten frigates and a

brig. Their admiral, D. Joseph de Cordova, had learnt from an American, that the English had only nine ships, which was indeed the case when he had fallen in with them. Upon this information, instead of going to Cadiz as had been his intention, he determined to seek an engagement with an enemy so inferior in numbers; and relying, with fatal confidence, upon the accuracy of the American, suffered his ships to remain too far dispersed, when the morning of the 14th broke, and he came in sight. A fog for some time concealed their numbers. The look out ship fancying that her first signal was disregarded, made another, that the English force consisted of forty sail of the line. This, as the captain afterwards said, "he did to rouse the admiral." It had the effect of perplexing him, and alarming the whole fleet. The absurdity of this conduct shows what was the state of the Spanish navy; in fact, the general incapacity of its officers was so well known, that in a Pasquinade, which about this time appeared at Madrid, wherein the different orders of the state were advertised for sale, the greater part of the naval officers with all their equipments were offered as a gift; and it was added, that any person who would be pleased to take them, should receive a handsome gratuity.

Before the enemy could form a regular order of battle, sir John Jervis, by carrying a press of sail, came up with them, passed through their fleet, then tacked, and thus cut off nine of their ships from the main body. These ships attempted to form on their larboard tack, either with a design of passing through the British line, or to leeward of it, and thus rejoining their friends. Only one of them succeeded. The others were so warmly received that they took to flight, and did not appear again in the action till the close. The admiral was now able to direct his attention to the enemy's main

body, still superiour in number to his whole fleet. He made signal to tack in succession. Nelson, whose station was in the rear of the British line, perceived that the Spanish fleet was bearing up before the wind with an intention of forming their line, joining their separated ships, or flying. To prevent either of these schemes from taking effect, he, without a moment's hesitation, disobeyed the signal, and ordered his ship to be wore. This at once brought him into action with the Santissima Trinidad, 136, the San Joseph, 112, Salvador del Mundo, 112, San Nicholas, 80, S. Isidro, 74, another 74, and another first rate. Troubridge, in the Culloden, nobly supported him. The Blenheim then came to their assistance. The Salvador del Mundo and S. Isidro dropped astern, and were fired into by the Excellent, capt. Collingwood, who made the latter strike; "but Collingwood," says Nelson; "disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up with every sail to save his old friend and messmate, who was to appearance in a critical situation." The Captain was at this time actually fired upon by three first rates, the S. Nicholas, and a 74 within pistol shot of her. The Blenheim was ahead, the Culloden crippled and astern. Collingwood ranged up, passed within ten feet of the S. Nicholas, giving her a most awful and tremendous fire; then pushed on for the Santissima Trinidad. At this time, the Captain having lost her foretop mast, not a sail, shroud, or rope left, her wheel shot away, and incapable of farther service in the line or in chace, he directed captain Miller to put the helm a starboard, and called for the boarders.

The first man who leaped into the enemy's mizen chains was captain Berry. He was supported from the spritsail yard, which locked in the S. Nicholas's mizen rigging. A soldier of the 69th broke the upper quarter gallery window, and jumped

in, followed by the commodore himself and others as fast as possible. The cabin doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the window. The doors were soon burst. Nelson pushed on, and found Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign down. The English were at this time in full possession of every part of the ship; and a fire of musketry opened upon them from the stern gallery of the S. Joseph. Nelson having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered captain Miller to send more men into his prize, gave orders for boarding the S. Joseph. It was done in an instant, he himself leading the way, and exclaiming, "Westminster-abbey or victory!" It was not long before he was on the quarter deck, where the Spanish captain presented to him his sword, and told him the admiral was dying of his wounds below. One of his sailors came up, and with an Englishman's feeling took him by the hand, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and that he was heartily glad to see him there. Nelson received only a few bruises.

The Spaniards had still eighteen or nineteen ships which had suffered little or no injury. That part of the fleet which had been separated from the main body in the morning were now coming up, and sir John Jervis made signal to bring to. The Captain was lying a perfect wreck on board her two prizes, and many of the other vessels were wholly unmanageable. The Spanish admiral meantime, according to his official account, inquired of his captains whether it was proper to renew the action. Nine of them answered explicitly that it was not—others replied that it was expedient to delay the business, *que convenia retardar la funcion*—two only were for fighting.

As soon as the action was discontinued, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship, who received him on

the quarter deck, took him in his arms, and said he could not sufficiently thank him. In the official letter of sir John Jervis, no individual was named. The admiral had seen an instance of the ill consequence of selections in the example of lord Howe, and therefore thought it advisable to speak to the publick in terms of general approbation. His private letter to the first lord of the admiralty was for the first time made publick with his consent in Mr. Harrison's work. Here it is said, that "commodore Nelson, who was in the rear on the starboard tack, took the lead on the larboard, and contributed very much to the fortune of the day." It is stated also that he boarded the two Spanish ships successively; but the fact that Nelson wore without orders, and thus planned as well as accomplished the victory, is not mentioned. Perhaps it was thought proper to pass over this part of his conduct in silence, as a splendid fault; but the example is not dangerous.

Before the action was known in England, Nelson had been advanced to the rank of rear admiral. The order of the Bath was now conferred upon him. Among the numerous congratulations which he received, none can have affected him with deeper delight than a letter from his venerable father. "I thank God," says this excellent man, "with all the fervour of a grateful soul, for the mercies he has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you amid the imminent perils which so lately threatened your life at every moment. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child, attain to, and few fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheek. Who could stand the force of such general congratulation? The name and services of Nelson have sounded

throughout the city of Bath, from the common ballad-singer to the publick theatre."

Sir Horatio, having shifted his flag to the *Theseus*, was now employed in the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service occurred the most perilous action in which he was ever engaged. In a skirmish with the Spanish gun boats and launches, he was attacked by an armed launch containing 26 men, under Don Miguel Tregoyia, commander of the gun boats. Nelson had with him only his ten barge-men, captain Freemantle and his coxswain, John Sykes, an old and faithful follower, who twice saved the life of his admiral by parrying the blows that were aimed at him, and at last actually interposed his own head to receive the stroke of a sabre which he could not by any other means avert. The whole of the Spaniards were killed or wounded, and Nelson brought off the launch.

He was less fortunate in an attempt upon Teneriffe. Earl St. Vincent having received intelligence that a homeward bound Manilla ship had reached Santa Cruz, and that its treasure was landed there for security, determined upon an expedition against that island. Nelson was despatched on this service, and allowed to select for it such ships and officers as he thought proper. Four ships of the line, three frigates, and the *Fox* cutter, formed the squadron. His orders were to make a vigorous attack, but on no account to land in person with the forces, unless his presence should be absolutely necessary. The plan which he formed was, that the boats should land in the night between the fort on the N. E. side of Santa Cruz bay and the town, make themselves masters of it, and then send a summons to the governor. By midnight the frigates approached within three miles of the place; but owing to a stiff gale of wind in the offing, and a strong

current against them inshore, they were not able to get within a mile of the landing place before daybreak, and then the Spaniards discovered their intention. Troubridge and Bowen, with captain Oldfield of the marines, consulted with the admiral what was to be done, and it was resolved that they should attempt to get possession of the heights above the fort. The frigates accordingly landed their men, and Nelson stood in with the line of battle ships, meaning to batter the fort for the purpose of distracting the attention of the garrison. Contrary currents hindered him from getting within three miles of the shore, and the heights were by this time so secured as to be judged impracticable. Though foiled in his original plan, he still considered it necessary for the honour of his king and country not to give over the attempt. He reembarked his men, got the ships on the 24th to anchor about two miles north of the town, and made show as if he designed to attack the heights.—At six in the evening signal was made for the boats to prepare to proceed on service as previously ordered.

When this was done, Nelson addressed a letter to his commander in chief, of which, as being the last that was written with his right hand, a fac simile is given. After saying that every thing had hitherto been done which was possible, but without effect, "This night," he proceeded, "I command the whole destined to land under the batteries of the town, and to morrow my head will probably be crowned either with laurel or cypress. The duke of Clarence, should I fall in the service of my king and country, will, I am confident, take a lively interest for my son-in-law on his name being mentioned." Perfectly aware how desperate a service this was likely to prove, he called lieut. Nisbet into the cabin, that he might assist in

arranging and burning his mother's letters. Perceiving that the young man was armed, he earnestly begged him to remain behind. "Should we both fall, Josiah," said he, "what would become of your poor mother? The care of the Theseus falls to you; stay therefore, and take charge of her." Nisbet replied: "Sir, the ship must take care of herself—I will go with you to night if I never go again."

At eleven o'clock, the boats proceeded in six divisions toward the town, conducted by all the captains except Freemantle and Bowen, who attended with Nelson to regulate and lead the way to the attack. They were not discovered till past one o'clock, when, being within half gunshot of the landing place, Nelson directed the boats to cast off from each other, give a huzza, and push for the shore. But the Spaniards were admirably prepared; the alarm bells answered their huzza, and a fire of thirty or forty pieces of cannon, with musketry from one end of the town to the other, opened upon the invaders.—Nothing, however, could check their intrepidity. The night was exceedingly dark; most of the boats missed the Mole, and went on shore through a raging surf which stove all to the left of it. The admiral, Freemantle, Thompson, Bowen, and four or five others, found the Mole. It was instantly stormed and carried, though defended by four or five hundred men; but such a heavy fire of musketry and grape shot was kept up from the citadel and the houses at the head of the Mole, that they could not advance, and nearly all of them were killed or wounded.

Nelson, when in the act of stepping out of the boat, received a shot through the right elbow, and fell. Nisbet, who was close to him, placed him at the bottom of the boat.—He then examined the wound, and taking some silk handkerchiefs from his neck, bound them above the la-

cerated vessels. Had it not been for this presence of mind in his son-in-law, Nelson afterwards declared he must have perished. One of his bargemen tore his shirt into shreds, and made a sling for the wounded arm. They then collected five other seamen, and at length succeeded in getting the boat afloat; for it had grounded with the falling tide. Nisbet took one of the oars, and ordered the steersman to go close under the guns of the battery, that they might not be exposed to their tremendous fire. Hearing his voice, sir Horatio roused himself, and desired to be lifted up that he "might look a little about him." Nisbet raised him up. In a few minutes a general shriek was heard from the crew of the Fox, which had received a shot under water, and gone down. Ninety-seven men sunk with her, eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson himself, whose exertions on this occasion materially increased the pain and danger of his wound. The first ship which the boat could reach happened to be the Seahorse; but nothing could induce him to go on board, though he was assured that the attempt to row to another ship might be at the risk of his life. I had rather suffer death, he replied, than alarm Mrs. Freemantle by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband. They pushed on for the Theseus. Here he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board, so impatient was he that the boat should return, in hopes that it might save a few more men from the Fox. He desired to have only a

single rope thrown over the side, which he twisted round his left arm. "Let me alone," said he, "I have yet my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments; I know I must lose my right arm; so the sooner it's off the better."* The spirit which he displayed in jumping up the ship's side astonished every one.

Freemantle had been severely wounded in the right arm soon after the admiral; he was fortunate enough to find a boat on the beach, and got instantly to the Seahorse. Thompson was wounded, Bowen killed, to the great regret of Nelson, as was also lieut. Weatherhead, one of his own officers, who had followed him from the Agamemnon, and whom he seems to have greatly and deservedly esteemed. Troubridge, meantime, pushed on shore under the batteries, close to the southward of the citadel. Capt. Waller, of the Emerald, landed at the same instant, and two or three other boats. Having collected a few men, they pushed on to the great square, hoping to find the admiral and the rest of the force. As the ladders were all lost, they could make no attempt on the citadel; but they sent a serjeant with two of the town's people to summon it. The messenger never returned; and Troubridge, having waited about an hour in painful expectation of his friends, marched to join captains Hood and Miller, who had effected their landing to the northwest. Here they endeavoured to procure some intelligence of the admiral and the rest of the officers, but without success. By daybreak they had collect-

* During the peace of Amiens, when Nelson was at Salisbury, in the midst of those popular acclamations which followed him every where, he recognised, amid the huzzing crowd, a man who had assisted at the amputation, and attended him afterwards. He beckoned him up the stairs of the council-house, shook hands with him, and made him a present in remembrance of his services at the time. The man took from his bosom a piece of lace, which he had torn from the sleeve of the amputated arm, saying he had preserved and would, to the last moment of his life, preserve it, in memory of his old commander, whom he should always deem it the honour of his life to have served.

ed about 80 marines, 80 pikemen, and 180 smallarmed seamen—all that had made good their landing. They obtained some ammunition from the prisoners whom they had taken, and marched to try what could be done at the citadel without ladders. They found all the streets commanded by field pieces; and above 8000 Spaniards, with 800 French under arms, approaching by every avenue. Troubridge with great presence of mind sent captain Hood with a flag of truce to the governour, to say he would instantly set fire to the town, if the Spaniards approached one inch nearer. That he had no wish to injure the inhabitants; and that he was ready to treat upon these terms:—that the troops should reembark with their arms, and take their own boats, if they were saved, or be provided with such others as might be necessary; they agreeing on their part, that the squadron should not molest the town, nor any of the Canary islands. The governour told capt. Hood that the English ought to surrender as prisoners of war. To this he replied, that if the terms were not accepted in five minutes captain Troubridge would set the town on fire, and attack the Spaniards at the point of the bayonet. Satisfied with his success, which was indeed sufficiently complete, and respecting, like a brave man, the gallantry of his enemy, he acceded to the proposal. “And here,” says Nelson in his journal, “it is right we should notice the noble and generous conduct of D. Juan Antonio Gutierrez, the Spanish governour. The moment the terms were agreed to, he directed our wounded men to be received into the hospitals, and all our people to be supplied with the best provisions that could be procured; and made it known that the ships were at liberty to send on shore and purchase whatever refreshments they were in

want of during the time they might lie off the island.” A youth, by name D. Bernardo Collagon, even stript himself of his shirt to make bandages for one of those Englishmen against whom, not an hour before, he had been engaged in battle. Nelson wrote to thank the governour for the humanity which he had displayed; presents were interchanged between them, and the admiral offered to take charge of his despatches for the Spanish court, and thus actually became the first messenger of his own defeat.

The loss of the English amounted to 250. Nelson, in his official despatches, made no mention of his own wound; but in a private letter to lord St. Vincent, the first* which he penned with his left hand, he shows himself to have been deeply affected by the failure of this enterprise. “I have become,” says he, “a burthen to my friends, and useless to my country; but by my last letter you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world—I go hence, and am no more seen. If, from poor Bowen’s loss, you think it proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it. The boy is under obligations to me, but he repaid me by bringing me from the mole of Santa Cruz. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the remains of my carcase to England.”

But honours enough awaited him in England to recover his wounded spirit. Letters were instantly addressed to him by the first lord of the admiralty, and by his steady friend, the duke of Clarence, to congratulate him on his return. The freedom of the cities of Bristol and London was transmitted to him; he was invested with the order of the bath, and received a pension of 1000*l.* a year. Not having been in

* Of this also, Messrs. Clarke and M^rArthur have given a fac simile.

England, since he lost his eye, he went to receive a year's pay as smart money, but could not obtain it, because he had not brought a certificate from a surgeon that the sight was actually destroyed. A little irritated that this formality should be insisted upon, the fact being sufficiently notorious, he procured a certificate at the same time for the loss of his arm, saying they might just as well doubt one as the other. This put him in good humour with himself, and with the clerk who had offended him. On his return to the office, the clerk, finding it was the annual pay of a captain only, observed, he thought it had been more. "Oh," replied Nelson, "this is only for an eye; in a few days I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows, most probably for a leg." Accordingly he soon after went, and with perfect good humour exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

Early in the ensuing year his flag was hoisted in the Vanguard, and he was ordered to rejoin earl St. Vincent. Upon his departure his father addressed him with that affectionate solemnity which marks all his letters. "I trust in the Lord," said he, "that he will prosper your going out and your coming in. I earnestly desired once more to see you, and that wish has been heard. If I should presume to say, I hope again to see you, the question would be readily asked, *how old are you? Vale, vale!*" A gloomy foreboding, it is said, hung on the spirits of lady Nelson at their parting. This of course can only have been a fear of losing him by the chance of war. No apprehension of losing his affection could possibly have existed; for all his letters to this time evince that he considered himself happy in his marriage; and his private character had hitherto been as spotless as his publick one. One of the last things

he said to her was that his own ambition was satisfied; but he went to raise her to that rank in which he had long wished to see her.

Immediately on his rejoining earl St. Vincent he was despatched to the Mediterranean, that he might ascertain if possible the object of the great expedition fitting out at Toulon. He sailed with a small squadron from Gibraltar on the 9th of May to watch this formidable armament. On the 22d a sudden storm in the gulph of Lyons carried away all the topmasts of the Vanguard: the foremast went in three pieces, and the bow-sprit was sprung. Captain (afterwards sir Alexander) Ball took the ship in tow, to carry her into St. Pietros, Sardinia. Nelson, apprehensive that this attempt might endanger both vessels, ordered him to cast off; but that excellent officer, with a spirit like his commander's, replied he was confident he could save the Vanguard, and by God's help would do it. There had been a previous coolness between these great men, but from this time Nelson became fully sensible of the extraordinary merit of captain Ball, and a sincere friendship subsisted between them during the remainder of their lives. "I ought not," says the admiral writing to his wife, "I ought not to call what has happened to the Vanguard by the cold name of accident. I believe, firmly, it was the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity. Figure to yourself, on Sunday evening at sun-set, a vain man walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory, and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships of equal numbers belonging to France would have bowed their flags. Figure to yourself on Monday morning when the sun rose, this proud man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed,

and himself in such distress that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest." Nelson had, indeed, more reason to refuse the "cold name of accident" to this tempest than he was then aware of; for on that very day the French fleet sailed from Toulon, and must have passed within a few leagues of his squadron. Being compelled to refit, the delay enabled him to secure his junction with the reenforcement which lord St. Vincent had now sent to join him under commodore Troubridge.

That officer brought with him no instructions to Nelson as to the course he was to steer, nor any positive account of the enemy's destination. Every thing was left to his own judgment. The first news was that they had surprised Malta. He formed a plan for attacking them while at anchor at Gozo, but on the 22d, intelligence reached him that they had left that island on the 16th, the day after their arrival. It was clear that their destination was eastward, and he thought for Egypt: for Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Only three vessels were spoken with on the way, two came from Alexandria, and one from the Archipelago, and neither of these had seen the French. He reached Alexandria, and the enemy were not there. He then shaped his course for the coast of Caramania, and steered from thence along the southern side of Candia, carrying a press of sail both night and day with a contrary wind. Irritated beyond measure that they should have eluded his vigilance, the tediousness of the night made him impatient, and the officer of the watch was repeatedly called upon to declare the hour, and convince Nelson, who measured time by his own eagerness, that it was not yet daybreak. "It would have been my delight," said he, "to have tried Buonaparte on a wind." It would have been the delight of

Europe too and the blessing of the world if that fleet had been overtaken with its general on board. But of the millions of human beings who would have been preserved by that day's victory, there is not one to whom such essential benefit would have resulted as to Buonaparte himself. It would have spared him his only disgrace, for so to have been defeated would not have been ignominious; it would have spared him most of his enormities. History would have represented him as a soldier of fortune whose career had been distinguished by a series of successes unexampled in modern times. A romantick obscurity would have hung over the disgraceful expedition to Egypt, and he would have escaped the perpetration of those crimes which have incarnadined his soul with a deeper die than that of the purple for which he committed those acts of perfidy, midnight murder, usurpation, and remorseless tyranny, which have consigned his name to universal execration, now and for ever.

Baffled in his pursuit, Nelson returned to Sicily, took in stores at Syracuse, then made for the Morea. There, on the 28th July, he learnt that the French had been seen about four weeks before steering to the S. E. from Candia. He immediately determined to return, and with every sail set stood again for the coast of Egypt. On the first of August they came in sight of Alexandria, and at four in the afternoon captain Hood in the Zealous made the signal for the French fleet. For many preceding days Nelson had hardly taken either sleep or food. He now ordered his dinner to be served while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from table and went to their separate stations, he said to them, "before this time tomorrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

Why Buonaparte, having effected

his landing, should not have ordered the fleet to return, is a mystery which has never yet been explained. Thus much is certain, that it was detained by his command, though with his accustomed falsehood, after the death of Brueys, he accused him of having lingered there contrary to his received orders. That admiral, not being able to enter the port of Alexandria, had moored his fleet in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle: the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the N. W. and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the S. W. "This position," said he, "is the strongest we could possibly take in an open road." "We are moored in such a manner," said the commissary of the fleet, "as to bid defiance to a force more than double our own." In fact, admiral Barrington, when moored in a similar manner in the year 1778, off St. Lucia, beat off the Counte d'Estaing in three several attacks, though his force scarcely equalled by one third that which assailed it. Here the advantage of numbers both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had 13 ships of the line and 4 frigates, carrying 1196 guns and 11230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line and one 50 gun ship, carrying 1012 guns and 8068 men.

During the whole cruise it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the Vanguard, and fully explain to them his own ideas of the best modes of attack, whatever might be the situation of the enemy. His officers, therefore, were well acquainted with his principles of tactics; and such was his confidence in their abilities that the only plan arranged in case they should find the French at anchor,

was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support, and to anchor by the stern. "First gain the victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The plan of doubling on the enemy's ships lord Hood projected when he intended to attack the French fleet at their anchorage in Gourjean road. He found it impossible to make the attempt; but the idea was not lost upon Nelson, who acknowledged himself indebted for it to his old and excellent commander. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport: "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral; "that we shall succeed is certain; who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence; on board of every ship the crews were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in attending the braces, and making ready for anchoring:—a miserable sight for the French, who with all their advantages, were on that element upon which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueys was a brave and able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, wherein he delivered it as his private opinion that the English had missed him, "because, not finding themselves superior in numbers, they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him." The moment was now come in which he was to be fatally undeceived.

Captain Foley led the fleet in the Goliath. He had long thought that if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, as the French

guns on that side were not likely to be manned. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquerant*, before it was clear; then anchored by the stern, within her, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the *Guerrier*. The *Orion*, sir James Saumarez, the third which doubled the enemy's van, past to windward of the *Zealous*, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier*; then sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round toward the French line, and anchoring between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin* and the quarter of the *Peuple Soverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The *Audacious*, captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and the *Conquerant*, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter, and when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Soverain*. The *Theseus*, captain Miller, followed, brought down the *Guerrier*'s remaining masts, and then anchored inside of the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half pistol shot of the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away. That they should be struck, no British admiral considers as a possibility. He instantly opened a tremendous fire, under cover of which, the other ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*,

and *Majestick*, shot ahead of the admiral. Captain Louis, in the first of these, took off the fire of the *Aquilon*. The *Bellerophon*, captain Darby, past ahead, and dropt her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, Bruey's own ship, of 120 guns, whose difference of force was above seven to three, and the weight of whose ball from her lower deck alone exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton in the *Defence* took his station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, by which judicious movement, the British line remained unbroken. The *Majestick*, getting entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the *Orient*, suffered dreadfully from her fire, till she swung clear, and closely engaging the *Heureux*, on the starboard bow, received also the fire of the *Tonnant*. The other four ships of our fleet having been detached previously to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance. The action began at half after six.

Troubridge in the *Culloden*, though foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern. He came on sounding as the others had done. It was growing dark, and suddenly after finding eleven fathoms water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast aground; nor could all his exertions, joined to those of the *Leander* and the *Mutine brig*, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to enter the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which entered the bay and took their stations in the darkness in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remember it. Captain Hallowell, as he was bearing down in the latter, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail; with great judgment, however, he ordered his men not to fire: "if she was an enemy," he said, "her disa-

bled state would prevent escape; but from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship." In fact it proved to be the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the huge *Orient*. All her masts and cables were shot away, and she was drifting out of the line towards the lee side of the bay. Her station at this important time was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin*, and the bows of the French admiral. At the same instant captain Ball past under her stern, and anchored within side on his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping up a severe fire of musketry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the *Leander*.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the action, and the others had suffered so severely, that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot: captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so. A large portion of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye, and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. He desired the chaplain to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to lady Nelson; sent for captain Louis to thank him personally for the great assistance he had rendered to the *Vanguard*, and ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship. When the surgeon had examined the wound, assured him there was no immediate danger, and desired him to remain quiet, Nelson could not rest. He called

for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and the blind and suffering state of the admiral affected him so that he could not write. The chaplain was then summoned. Before he came, the characteristic eagerness of Nelson made him take the pen himself, and he contrived to trace some words marking his devout sense of the success which had then been obtained. He was now left alone, when suddenly a cry was heard on deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, and to the astonishment of every one appeared on the quarter deck, when he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead; he had received three different wounds, yet would not leave his post. A fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but he left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered the ship. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the *Orient* blew up. The tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful; the firing instantaneously ceased on both sides; and the first sound was the fall of her shattered masts and yards, which had been carried to a vast height. It is upon record that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake; such a thing would be felt like a miracle; but no incident produced in war by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this coinstantaneous pause and all its circumstances.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At day break the two rear ships of the enemy were the only French ships of the line which had their colours fly-

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ing. They cut their cables in the forenoon and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The Zealous pursued; but as there was no other ship in a condition to support captain Hood, he was recalled.— These could not have escaped if the Culloden had got into action; and if the frigates which had been appointed to join the squadron had been there, not one of the French fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These, however, were all that escaped, and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene;" he therefore called it a conquest. Of 13 sail of the line 9 were taken and 2 burnt; of the four frigates 1 sunk, another burnt. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to 895. 3105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and 5225 perished.

Nelson was now at his height of glory. Congratulations, rewards, and honours were showered upon him by all the states, princes and powers to whom this victory gave a respite. The grand seignior and his brother the Czar, the kings of Naples and Sardinia sent him jewels, and letters acknowledging his unequalled services to the common cause. In England he was created baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham-Thorpe, with a pension of 2000*l.* for his own life, and those of his two immediate successors. When this was moved in the house of commons, general

Walpole expressed an opinion that a higher degree of rank ought to be conferred. Mr. Pitt replied he thought it needless to enter into that question. Admiral Nelson's "fame would be coequal with the British name, and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl." True, indeed, whatever title had been bestowed, he who received it would have been Nelson still; that name he had ennobled beyond all addition of nobility; it was the name by which England loved him, France feared him, and Italy, Egypt, and Turkey celebrated him, and by which he would continue to be known while the present kingdoms and languages of the world endure. It depended upon the degree of rank what should be the fashion of the coronet. That it concerned him no otherwise might be conceded to Mr. Pitt and his colleagues. But the degree of rank was the measure of their gratitude, though not of his services. This Nelson* felt and this he expressed with indignation among his friends.

We have neither room nor inclination to follow him through the subsequent transactions at Naples. The infatuated attachment which he there suffered himself to form for lady Hamilton, occasioned the only stain upon his publick character, and destroyed his domestick happiness for ever.† In the autumn of 1800 he left the Mediterranean, and

* Lords St. Vincent and Duncan had each a pension of 1000*l.* from the Irish government also. In consequence of the Union this was not granted to Nelson, so that no great naval victory during the war, received so small a remuneration as this, the greatest and most glorious that had ever been achieved.

† That lord Nelson had hitherto been an affectionate husband, and as happy as he was amiable in all his domestick relations, is incontestably proved by the letters to his family inserted in the great life. Messrs. Clarke and M'Arthur have placed this in its true light, by the evidence of these letters, and having shown their own opinion upon this unpleasant subject clearly, and as concisely as possible, have, with commendable propriety, abstained from all petty details and recriminations of family disputes. Mr. Harrison's work is said to have been written in great part under lady Hamilton's immediate eye. The manner in which he has attempted to serve a bad cause cannot be too severely censured, and would justify the harshest epithets that could be bestowed

returned to England, by way of Vienna and Hamburgh, accompanied by sir Wm. and lady Hamilton. Two very interesting instances of the enthusiastick admiration with which he was regarded, occurred during his stay in the latter city. A wine merchant, more than seventy years of age, requested to speak with him. He had some Rhenish wine of the vintage of 1625, which had been in his own possession more than half a century; he had preserved it for some extraordinary occasion, and one had now arrived, far beyond any which he could ever have expected. He therefore requested lord Nelson to accept six dozen of this incomparable wine, part of which would then have the honour to flow with the heart's blood of that immortal hero, and the reflection would make him happy during the remainder of his life. Nelson took the old gentleman kindly by the hand, and consented to receive six bottles. Twelve were sent; and remarking that he hoped yet to have half a dozen more great victories, he declared he would keep the six remaining bottles of his Hamburgh friend's wine purposely to drink a bottle after each. The other anecdote is not less affecting. A German pastor, between 70 and 80 years of age, travelled forty miles with the bible of his parish

church, to request that Nelson would insert his name in the first leaf of it. He called him, the Saviour of the Christian world. The old man's hope deceived him; there was no Nelson upon shore, or Europe would have been saved. But in his foresight of the horrors with which all Germany was threatened by France, the pastor could have apprehended nothing more than has actually taken place.

He arrived in England in November, and in the January following received orders to embark again. During this interval he separated from lady Nelson. Some of his last words to her were: "I call God to witness there is nothing in you or your conduct that I wish otherwise." But his attachment to lady Hamilton was like infatuation, and its baneful influence hung over him during the remainder of his life. The Addington administration was just formed, and Nelson was sent to the Baltick under sir Hyde Parker, by earl St. Vincent, now first lord of the admiralty. When the fleet sailed, it was sufficiently known that its destination was against Copenhagen. Some Danish sailors, who were on board the Amazon frigate, went to captain Riou, and requested that he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on

upon a venal and unprincipled scribbler. This person, who comes publicly forward to injure, as far as in him lies, and actually to insult lady Nelson, delivers an opinion perfectly consistent with such conduct upon the transactions in the Bay of Naples.—Mr. Stanier Clarke does his best to palliate those transactions, in a narrative which is even more confused than the rest of the book. This has called forth a second vindication from captain Foote. "Nothing," says this injured officer, "can be more evident than the fact, that a solemn capitulation had been agreed upon, formally signed by the chief commander of the forces of the king of Naples, by the Russian commander, and by myself, all duly authorized to sign any capitulation in the absence of superiour powers. This was not a treaty of peace subject to ratification; it was not a truce liable to be broken; it was a serious agreement for surrender, upon terms which involved the lives and properties of men, who might have chosen to forfeit those lives and properties, had they not relied principally upon the faith of a British officer. Parts of the agreement were performed; and actual advantage was afterwards taken of those parts of the capitulation that had thus been executed, to seize the unhappy men, who, having been thus deceived by a sacred pledge, were sacrificed in a cruel and despotick manner." The facts are certain and undeniable. They cannot be defended; they cannot be excused; they cannot, by any sophistry, be palliated. A faithful historian has no alternative but to relate them with sorrow and shame. Mr. Clarke's representations are perplexed, and his vindication futile; Mr. Harrison's are infamous.

some other service; "they had no wish," they said, "to quit the British navy, but they entreated that they might not be led to fight against their own country." There was not in our whole navy a man who had a higher and more chivalrous sense of honour and duty than Riou. The tears came into his eyes while the men were addressing him; he ordered his boat instantly, and did not return to the Amazon till he had procured their exchange. This anecdote, which has never before been made publick, is recorded in respect to the memory of as brave and honourable a man as ever died in battle.

The battle of Copenhagen requires less detail than that of the Nile, though it made the talents of Nelson, if that be possible, yet more conspicuous. The Danes were admirably prepared for defence. Upwards of a hundred pieces of cannon were mounted upon the crown batteries at the entrance of the harbour, and a line of twenty five two deckers, frigates, and floating batteries, was moored across its mouth. A Dane who came on board during the ineffectual negotiation that preceded hostilities, having occasion to express his proposals in writing, found the pen blunt, and, holding it up, sarcastically said: "If your guns are not better pointed than your pens, you will make little impression on Copenhagen." He and his countrymen relied upon the fortifications of the Sound, as their outposts, but the Swedish batteries were silent, and the fleet passed without damage. The soundings were made under Nelson's own eye; day and night he was in the boat, till his health had nearly sunk under the unremitting fatigue. The action was fought on the 2d of April. Nelson had with him twelve ships of the line, with all the frigates and small craft. The remainder of the fleet was with the commander in chief, about four miles off. Three

of his squadron grounded, and owing to the fears of the masters and pilots the anchors were let go nearly a cable's length from the enemy. Had they proceeded they would have deepened their water, and the victory would have been decided in half the time. Of all the engagements in which Nelson had born a part, this, he said, was the most terrible. It began at ten in the morning, and at one, victory had not declared itself on either side. A shot through the main-mast knocked a few splinters about the admiral. "It is warm work," he observed, "and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment." "But mark you," said he, stopping short at the gangway, "I would not be elsewhere for thousands." Just at this time sir Hyde made signal for the action to cease. It was reported to him. He continued walking the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal lieutenant meeting him at the next turn, asked if he should repeat it? "No," replied Nelson, "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted, and being answered in the affirmative, said to him, "mind you keep it so." He now walked the deck moving the stump of his right arm in a manner which always denoted great agitation. "Doctor, you know," said he to the surgeon, "what's shown on board the commander in chief? No. 39!" He was asked what that meant: "Why to leave off action;" then shrugging up his shoulder as he repeated the words—leave off action! "No damn me if I do! You know, Foley," said he to the captain, "I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes. Damn the signal! hoist mine for closer battle; that is the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast!" Admiral Graves disobeyed that of the commander in chief in like manner, whether intentionally, or by a fortu-

nate mistake, has not been explained. The squadron of frigates hauled off. At the moment the Amazon showed her stern to the enemy; Riou was killed—almost his last words had been an expression of regret at being obliged to retreat. "What," said he, "will Nelson think of us?"

About two, great part of the Danish line had ceased to fire, some of their lighter ships were adrift, and many had struck. It was, however, difficult to take possession of them, partly because they were protected by the batteries on Amak Island, and partly because an irregular fire was made on the English boats as they approached, from the ships themselves, the Danes being continually able to recruit their crews from the shore. This irritated him: "he must either," he said, "send on shore and stop these irregular proceedings, or send in fire ships and burn the prizes." In this part of the battle the victory was complete, but the three ships ahead were still engaged, and exposed to a superiour force. Nelson, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, seized this occasion to secure the advantage which he had already gained, and open a negotiation. He therefore wrote thus to the crown prince: "Vice admiral lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must be obliged to set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them." A wafer was brought him for this letter; he ordered wax and a candle, saying, "it was no time to appear informal;" and he affixed a larger seal than usual. Captain Frederick Thesiger was sent in with it. During his absence the remainder of the enemy's line eastward was silenced. The

crown batteries continued to fire till the Danish general Lindholm returned with a flag of truce, when the action closed, after four hours continuance. His message from the prince was to inquire what was the object of Nelson's note? Nelson replied, "it was humanity, he consented that hostilities should cease, and that the wounded Danes should be taken on shore, and he on his part would take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes as he thought fit. He presented his humblest duty to the prince, saying he should consider this the greatest victory he ever gained, if it might be the cause of a happy reconciliation between the two countries."

Having given this reply, he referred Lindholm to the commander in chief, and availed himself of the opportunity to get his ships out of the intricate channel, from which, had hostilities continued, they could not have disengaged themselves, till the crown battery was destroyed. His proposal was accepted in the course of the evening, and a suspension agreed on for four and twenty hours, during which it was resolved that he should land and negotiate in person with the prince. Accordingly on the morning of the fourth he landed; a strong guard protected him from the people, whose admiration would not, perhaps, have else been sufficient to restrain the impulse of rage and vengeance. This battle, so dreadfully destructive to the Danes, was within sight of the city; the whole of the succeeding day had been employed in landing the wounded, and there was scarcely a house without its cause for mourning. It was no new thing for Nelson to show himself regardless of danger, and it is to the honour of Denmark that the populace suffered themselves to be restrained. Some difficulty occurred in adjusting the duration of the armistice. He required sixteen weeks,

glving like a seaman the true reason that he might have time to act against the Russian fleet and return. This not being acceded to, a hint was thrown out by one of the Danish commissioners of the renewal of hostilities. "Renew hostilities!" said he to one of his friends, for he understood French enough to comprehend what was said, though not to answer it in the same language, "tell him we are ready at a moment! ready to bombard this very night!" Fourteen weeks were at length agreed to. The death of Paul intervened, and the northern confederacy was destroyed. For this signal service, in which Nelson appeared not less conspicuous as a statesman, than as an admiral, he was raised to the rank of Viscount. There was some prudence, perhaps, in dealing out honours to him step by step—had he lived long enough, he would have fought his way to a dukedom.

When England was alarmed by preparations at Boulogne, which it would have become her to have despised, Nelson was appointed to a squadron on that station. His attack upon the flotilla failed, because the divisions did not all arrive in time. The enemy's vessels were moored by the bottom to the shore, and to each other with chains, and it was not possible to retain possession of those which struck, because as soon as this was attempted, the French, with a cruelty peculiar to that people, fired upon them, regardless of their own men. The peace of Amiens was concluded shortly afterwards, and when it was found equally incompatible with the honour and safety of this country to remain at peace with Buonaparte, Nelson went out as commander in chief to the Mediterranean. We must pass on to the concluding scene, the consummation of his labours and his glory. After having watched the fleet for nearly two years, ready at any time to give them battle with an inferiour force, they escaped him, formed a junction with

the Spaniards, and ran for the West Indies. With ten ships and three frigates, he pursued eighteen sail of the line, and six frigates, with 12,000 troops aboard. There is just a Frenchman a piece, he used to say to his captains, leaving me for the Spaniards; when I haul down my colours, I expect you to do the same, but not till then. The mere terroure of his name compelled them to fly before him. False intelligence, which he, and he alone, suspected to be false, misled him, and they secured their return to Europe, whither they fled, without having accomplished any other part of their purpose than that of reenforcing their own islands. Ours were preserved from pillage, invasion, and, not improbable, conquest, by this pursuit, which is in all its circumstances unparalleled in naval history.

Having pursued them to Europe he delivered over his squadron to admiral Cornwallis, lest they should make for Brest to liberate that fleet, and place him between two fires; and then he returned to England, meaning to enjoy a little leisure with his friends. He had not been at Merton a month, when captain Blackwood, on his way to the Admiralty with despatches, called at five in the morning, and found him already dressed. Upon seeing him he exclaimed: "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall have yet to beat them!"—It was as he supposed: they had liberated the squadron from Ferrol, and being now 34 sail of the line, got safely into Cadiz. "Depend on it Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing!" But when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to his sister, and endeavoured to drive away the thought. He had done enough: "Let the man trudge it who has lost his budget" said he. His countenance belied his lips, and as he was pacing one of the walks in his garden, which he used to call the quarter deck.

lady Hamilton came up to him and told him she saw he was uneasy. He smiled, and said: "No, he was as happy as possible, he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he came home, and he would not give sixpence to call the king his uncle." She replied that she did not believe him; that he was longing to get at the combined fleet; that he considered them as his own property, and would be miserable if any man but himself did the business; that he must have them as the price and reward of his two years long watching. His services were as willingly accepted as they were offered, and lord Barham giving him the list of the navy, bade him choose his own officers. He reached Portsmouth only 25 days after he had left it. Numbers followed him to the shore, and many when they saw him embark knelt down and blest him; a proof of publick love, of which, perhaps, our history affords no other example. The wind was against him, and blew strong, nevertheless such was his impatience to be upon the scene of action, that he worked down channel, and after a rough passage arrived off Cadiz on his birth day, September 29, on which very day the French admiral, Villeneuve, received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. From this time till the 21st of October, when the battle of Trafalgar was fought, Nelson never came in sight of land; he feared that if the enemy knew his force they would not venture out, notwithstanding their superiority. This was the case. Villeneuve had called a council of war on hearing that Nelson had taken the command; and their determination was not to leave Cadiz unless they had reason to believe themselves one third stronger than the British force. Many circumstances tended to deceive them into such an opinion, and an American contributed unintentionally to mislead them, by declaring that Nelson

could not possibly be with the fleet, for he himself had seen him only a few days before in London. Relying upon this, and upon their superiority, which was in truth sufficiently great, though they imagined it greater than it was, in an unhappy hour they sailed from Cadiz. On the 19th, the signal was made that they were at sea. In the afternoon of the next day it was signified that they seemed determined to go to the westward; and that, said Nelson in his journal, they shall not do, if it be in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them.

He had previously arranged his plan of attack. The confidence which he felt in his officers, appears strikingly in the manner with which he prefaced it; the business of a commander in chief, he said, being to lay his ships close on board the enemy as expeditiously as possible, and to continue them there till the business was concluded. Knowing his object to be that of a close and decisive action, his admirals and captains would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. The order of sailing was to be the order of battle, the fleet in two lines of sixteen ships, with an advanced squadron of eight, the fastest sailing two deckers. The second in command having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy, about the twelfth ship from the rear; he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. They were so to proportion this to the strength of the enemy, that they should always be one fourth superiour to those whom they cut off. The only difference from this plan on the day of action was, that the fleet bore up by signal in two columns. The British force consisted of twenty seven sail of the line. The enemy's of 33, and their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers; 4000 troops were on board

and the best riflemen who could be selected were dispersed through the fleet. Many of them were Tyrolese. It is painful to hear of the Tyrolese and the Spaniards shedding their blood in the cause of France, and then to remember the present situation of Spain and the Tyrol. The plan of defence was as original as that of attack. They were formed in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern.

Nelson never went into a battle without a full sense of its danger, and always seems rather to have prepared his mind for death, than to have banished the thought of it. On the morning of the 21st, he wrote a prayer in his journal, followed by an extraordinary memoir; in which he solemnly bequeathed lady Hamilton as a legacy to his king and country. He left also to the beneficence of his country his adopted daughter, desiring she would use, in future, his name only. "These," said he, "are the only favours I ask of my king and country at this moment, when I am going to fight their battle." He had put on the coat which he always wore in action, and kept for that purpose, with a degree of veneration. It bore the insignia of all his orders. "In honour I gained them," he said, "and in honour I will die with them." When it was certain that the enemy could not avoid an engagement, he became highly animated, saying he should not be content with less than twenty of them! Captain Blackwood was walking with him on the poop, and he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. The captain replied, he "thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about." He had, however, scarcely spoken, before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language and the name of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal—ENGLAND

Vol. IV.

EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY. It was received with a shout throughout the fleet; an answering acclamation, made sublime by the feeling which it conveyed. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty." Captain Blackwood being about to return to his ship, took him by the hand, saying, he "hoped soon to return and find him in possession of his twenty prizes." He replied: "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again."

It had been represented so strongly to Nelson, both by captain Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, how advantageous it would be to the fleet for him to keep out of action as long as possible, that he consented, at length, to let the *Temeraire*, which was then sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead, and the *Leviathan* also. They could not possibly do this if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that he seemed to take pleasure in baffling the advice to which he could not but assent. As usual, he hoisted several flags, that they might not be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. The *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was therefore only distinguished by her four decks. To the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Before this could be done, and before the *Victory* fired a shot, fifty of her men were killed and wounded, and her mizen top mast, with all her studding sails and their booms on both sides shot away. In this state, she ran on board the *Redoubtable*, which, firing her broad-

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sides into the English flag ship, instantly let down her lower deck ports for fear of being boarded through them. Captain Harvey in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoutable* on the other side: another ship in like manner was on board the *Temeraire*, so that these four ships, in the heat of battle, formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory* immediately depressed their guns and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Temeraire*; and because there was danger that the enemy's ship might take fire from the guns of the lower deck, whose muzzles touched her side when they were run out. The firemen of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which as soon as the gun was discharged he dashed at the holes made in her sides by the shot. The *Victory* past astern so as to play upon the *Bucentaure*, *Ville-neuve's* ship, and the *Santissima Trinidad*, with her larboard guns, and upon the *Redoutable*, from the other side.

In the prayer which Nelson wrote before the action, he prays that humanity after victory might distinguish the British fleet. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoutable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; and as she carried no flag, there was no means of ascertaining the fact. From this ship, whose destruction was twice delayed by his wish to spare the enemy, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen top, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder. He fell with his face on the deck. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he, "my back bone is shot through." Yet not for a moment losing his presence, of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced,

and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; and that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face with it, and the insignia upon his coat. Had he but concealed them from the enemy, England perhaps would not have received with sorrow the tidings of the battle of Trafalgar. Certain by the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood which he felt every minute within his breast, that no human aid could avail him, after the wound had been probed, he ordered the surgeon to return to the wounded, and assist those to whom his services could be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." The pain he suffered was so severe, that he wished himself dead. "Yet," said he, in a lower tone, "one would like to live a little longer too:" doubtless, that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. Upon inquiring how many ships had struck, and hearing fourteen or fifteen certainly, but it was impossible as yet to ascertain, "that's well," said he; "but I bargained for twenty," and then he emphatically exclaimed, "anchor! Hardy, anchor!" To this the captain replied, that he supposed admiral Collingwood would now take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," cried the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "no, do *you* anchor, Hardy." He had foreseen the infinite importance of this; for by the position in which the enemy waited for the attack, the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro were under their lee; and the port of Cadiz, with the existing wind open to them; and, on this account, he had, before the action, made signal to prepare to anchor. Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low tone, "don't throw me overboard;" and desired that he might be buried by his father and mother, unless it should please the king to order otherwise, "Kiss

me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, "now I am satisfied. I have done my duty. Thank God! I have done my duty:" these words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity. Men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us, and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country lost in its great naval hero, the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war might from that day be considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon our own loss that we mourned for him. The general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies and public monuments were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, could alike have delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence, in every village through which he should have passed, would have awakened the church bells; have given school-boys a holyday; have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was indeed celebrated with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such was the glory

of Nelson and of the British navy, in great measure through his genius, that they scarcely seemed to receive any addition from this; that the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas, and the destruction of so great a fleet, hardly appeared to add to our strength or security; for we felt ourselves as strong and secure while Nelson was living to watch them, as when they were destroyed.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age; yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely, whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and, if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring hundreds of the youth of England; a name which is our pride and example, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is, that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

—Ἐσθ' ἔκιν' τὸ το γένος κατὰ γαῖα κάλυψεν,
Τοὶ μὲν δαίμονες ἴσσι, Διὸς μεγάλα διὰ βελὰς
Ἐσθλοὶ, ἐπιχθόνιοι, φύλακες θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων.

—Bursting through the gloom,
With radiant glory from the trophied
tomb,
The sacred splendour of their deathless
name
Shall grace and guard their country's
martial fame.
Far seen shall blaze the unextinguished
ray,
A mighty beacon, lighting glory's way!—
With living lustre this proud land adorn,
And shine, and save, through ages yet un-
born! ULM AND TRAFALGAR.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Travels in America, performed for the Purpose of exploring the Rivers Alleghany, Monongahela, Ohio and Mississippi, and ascertaining the Produce and Condition of their Banks and Vicinity. By Thomas Ashe, Esq. 3 vol. London, 1809.

The author of this work, we are told in the preface, has returned to America; but whether with the view of remaining there, or for the purpose of adding to the surprising discoveries which he has already made, we are not informed. But, whatever Mr. Ashe may hereafter perform, it is quite certain, according to his editor, that he has already done enough to place him on a level with our most celebrated travellers. He has produced a book which cannot fail, we are assured, "to *instruct* the statesman, *delight* the naturalist, and *astonish* the antiquary." It would be quite inexcusable in us to pass over a work of such extraordinary pretensions, without a particular notice.

It was at Pittsburgh that Mr. Ashe entered on the survey of these vast countries which stretch along the Ohio and Mississippi; but in the first part of his book, he favours the reader with a general view of the Atlantick states, and a detailed account of his journey from Philadelphia to the head of the Ohio. And here he begins to discover that unmeasured hatred of the Americans which pervades the whole of his narrative. His account of the Atlantick states, indeed, forms the most comprehensive piece of national abuse we ever recollect to have perused. Their inhabitants, it seems, are all abominably vicious; but in degrees very nicely distinguished; the middle states being bad, the northern very bad, and the southern execrable.

That the Americans have great and peculiar faults, both in their manners and their morality we take to be undeniable. They have the

vices and the virtues that belong to their situation; and they will continue to have them until that situation is altered. Their manners, for the most part, are those of a scattered and migratory, but speculating people; and there will be no great amendment, until the population becomes more dense, and more settled in its habits. When wealth comes to be more generally inherited than acquired, there will be more refinement, both in vice and in manners: and as the population becomes concentrated, and the spirit of adventure is deprived of its objects, the sense of honour will improve with the importance of character. Mr. Ashe, however, would have us believe, that the Americans are universally and irreclaimably vicious; and his sweeping anathemas are scarcely ever softened by any favourable exceptions, although the traveller in America, to use the words of a truly philosophical observer, "passes through all degrees of civilisation and manners, and sees, in the succession of space, what appears to belong only to the succession of time."*

Mr. Ashe's journey to Pittsburgh is surprisingly fertile in adventures. He, first of all, kills a stupendous bear, of whose death we have a most pathetick account, the said bear conducting himself most unbecomingly *in articulo mortis*. We are next entertained with a fine incident at an obscure inn among the mountains, where our traveller falls in love with an elegant damsel, who performed the offices of cook and chambermaid, and presents her with a copy of Thomson's Seasons, a blank leaf being previously decorated with an appropriate, poetick ef-

* M. Talleyrand's Observations on America.

fusion. On the night after this interesting rencontre, Mr. Ashe, who had travelled in a state of profound reverie, was overtaken by darkness on the top of a mountain, and there obliged, in order to avoid greater dangers, to take post for the night. The marvels which he beheld from his lofty station, will be best described in his own language.

"The moon shone, but capriciously: for, though some places were adorned with her brightest beams, and exhibited various fantastick forms and colours, others were unaffected by her light, and awfully maintained an unvaried gloom—a 'darkness visible'—conveying terror and dismay. Such apprehensions were gaining fast on my imagination, till an object of inexpressible sublimity gave a different direction to my thoughts, and seized the entire possession of my mind. The heavenly vault appeared to be all on fire, not exhibiting the stream or character of the aurora-borealis, but an immensity vivid and clear; through which the stars, detached from the firmament, traversed in eccentric directions, followed by trains of light of diversified magnitude and brightness. Many meteors rose majestically out of the horizon; and, having gradually attained an elevation of thirty degrees, suddenly burst, and descended to the earth in a shower of brilliant sparks, or glittering gems. This splendid phenomenon was succeeded by a multitude of shooting stars and balls, and columns of fire; which, after assuming a variety of forms, vanished in slight flashes of lightning, and left the sky in its usual appearance and serenity. Nature stood checked," &c. Vol. I.

From this mountain scene, Mr. Ashe deduces this most natural conclusion—"that no one should dare to compose a history of nature without passing such a night on such a mountain."

The letters from Pittsburgh (for the narrative is thrown into the epistolary form) amidst a great deal of similar rant, contain some details regarding that thriving place and its neighbourhood, which are well worth notice. Situated on the spot where the Alleghany and Monongahela unite to form the Ohio, Pitts-

burgh is admirably adapted to the purposes of commerce. These two rivers connect it with an immense extent of country; and their banks, interspersed with farms, villages, and towns, proclaim an increasing and industrious population. It contains above two thousand inhabitants, the most opulent of whom are Irish; and this, says our author, "has hindered the vitious propensities of the *genuine* American character from establishing here the *horrid domination* which they have assumed over the Atlantick states." The manufactures are various and flourishing, particularly that of glass; and ship-building is practised to a considerable extent. In October 1806, there were several vessels of 350 tons on the stocks. Through Pittsburgh is carried on an extensive trade between the distant ports of Philadelphia and New Orleans. Here are storekeepers who exchange the produce of the surrounding countries, of which they make two collections annually, for goods brought across the mountains from Philadelphia. These they convey by the Ohio and Mississippi to Kentucky and New Orleans: and with the proceeds in dollars, or bills of exchange on Philadelphia, their agents sail to that place to make new purchases, and traverse again the wide circle of their exchanges, a circle which embraces a space of not less than 5650 miles.

This immense sphere of activity, too, is the creation of yesterday. Even Mr. Ashe, disposed as he is to decry every thing American, is obliged to admit, that she displays, in the wonders of her growing industry, a picture at once striking and exhilarating. It is impossible to contemplate such a scene without exulting in the triumphs of industry. This peaceful power is here subduing regions of growing forests, which conquering armies would fear to enter; and extending, with silent rapidity, the limits of civili-

zed existence. We cannot help wishing that our countrymen, in general, were a little more alive to the feelings which we conceive such a spectacle is calculated to excite; and that they could be brought to sympathize a little more in the progress of a kindred people, destined to carry our language, our arts, and our interests too, over regions more vast than ever acknowledged the sway of the Cæsars of Rome. But the bitter feelings of the colonial war still rankle in too many bosoms on both sides of the Atlantic. The utter impossibility of any national gain in a contest with America, and the pernicious animosities which such a contest is sure to engender, are altogether overlooked by a certain class of politicians. It is enough for them, that we shall drive her ships from the seas, and blockade them in her ports; and that the great naval power of Britain may be employed to scatter the paltry flotillas of America; to palsy the industry of our best customers in the new world; and to burn a few towns still more defenceless and unoffending than Copenhagen! We do not mean to say, that this temper has not been met, and even perhaps provoked, by a corresponding temper in America; but, where the interest of two countries calls so loudly for their conciliation, it is impossible that they should quarrel without gross faults upon both sides.

Brilliant as Mr. Ashe is in description, this does not hinder him from aiming at glory as a political philosopher; and, accordingly, we are favoured with a long discourse upon emigration, in which he insists largely on the inevitable disasters that must attend such a step on the part of every British subject. His mode of reasoning on this point is sufficiently characteristick. He takes, in the first place, a single instance of failure as sufficient to prove that all must fail. In the next place, he carefully selects his instance from

the only description of persons who have no sort of temptation to emigrate, and who, it is universally admitted, must suffer extremely by such a proceeding. Upon these principles he looks round till he finds a *gentleman farmer* from the county of Sussex, who, being a little democratical in his politicks, had sold his property, and sailed for America, to become a great farmer and statesman. The result was quite natural. This restless person very soon found out "that the high price of labour renders it impossible for a gentleman farmer to make any thing of land there;" and that political consequence depended in America, as well as in other countries, a good deal upon property. It is needless to say, that this example has no application at all to the ambitious mechanics of England, or the dislodged small farmers of the Highlands.

Mr. Ashe also descants, at great length, upon the intellectual capacities and literature of the Americans; and indulges himself in one of the most presumptuous philippicks we ever recollect to have perused. Now, though we are certainly of opinion, that the second rate pamphleteers of that country write incomparably better than Mr. Ashe, it is no doubt true, that America can produce nothing to bring her intellectual efforts into any sort of comparison with that of Europe. Liberty and competition have as yet done nothing to stimulate literary genius in these republican states. They have never passed the limits of humble mediocrity, either in thought or expression. Noah Webster, we are afraid, still occupies the first place in criticism; Timothy Dwight, and Joel Barlow in poetry; and Mr. Justice Marshall in history. And as to the physical sciences, we shall merely observe, that a little elementary treatise of botany appeared in 1803; and that this paltry contribution to natural history is chronicled, by the latest American historian, among the

"remarkable occurrences since the revolution!" In short, federal America has done nothing, either to extend, diversify, or embellish the sphere of human knowledge.— Though all she has written were obliterated from the records of learning, there would (if we except the works of Franklin) be no positive diminution, either of the useful or the agreeable. The destruction of her whole literature would not occasion so much regret as we feel for the loss of a few leaves from an ancient classic.

But, notwithstanding all this, we really cannot agree with Mr. Ashe in thinking the Americans absolutely incapable, or degenerate; and are rather inclined to think, that when their neighbourhood thickens, and their opulence ceases to depend on exertion, they will show something of the same talents to which it is a part of our duty to do justice among ourselves. And we are the more inclined to adopt this favourable opinion, from considering, that her history has already furnished occasions for the display of talents of a high order; and that, in the ordinary business of government, she displays no mean share of ability and eloquence. In opposition to all this, to be sure, we have the positive assertion of Mr. Ashe, who will not allow that she has at any time attained mediocrity, either in statesmanship or war.

"I cannot honour," says he, "with the name of commanders, the men who overwhelmed a handful of British, and, after several years combat, obtained an unprofitable victory. In like manner" [and the simile is really incomparable] "I have known a shoal of herrings run down a whale on the coast of Cornwall; but it did not follow that I was to attribute this accident to the *individual prowess* of any such contemptible animals, or to the absence of strength and *capacity* in the whale." I. 137.

This eloquent person next takes a survey of the legislature; and, after assuring us that "he asserts nothing

without positive proofs," delivers himself as follows:

"There are in America no real politicians. The speeches you see in papers are *made by Irish and Scotch journalists*, who attend the congress and senate, merely to take the spirit of their proceedings, and clothe it with a language interesting to read. Attending the debates of congress, on a day when a subject of consequence was to be discussed, I left the house full of contempt of its eloquence, and the *paucity* of talent employed for the support or *condemnation* of the question. Notwithstanding this, I read in next morning's gazette, 'that a debate took place in the house last night, of the most interesting nature, and was agitated by all the talent in the country.' And here followed certain *eloquent* orations, a sentence of which never passed in the house." I. 140.

Now, without presuming to deny that the Americans are still very far from perfection in oratory, we really cannot bring ourselves to doubt that they are actually the authors of the harangues which are imputed to them in the publick prints. The *mind* of the country shines in every line of them; their fabrick and ornaments are decisively transatlantick; and we could just as readily believe, that the *orations* of Sheridan are written by a Philadelphia man, as that the speeches of Mr. Randolph, for example, are the work of a Scotch reporter.

Having thus despatched the senate, Mr. Ashe takes a view of the bar, which he finds in a very lamentable state: for "a Mr. Emmet and a Mr. Livingstone enjoy repute." With regard to physick, though two of its professors, Drs. Rush and Wilson, "have written themselves into *infalibility*," still the country "is shamefully destitute of able practitioners." As to the church, there is a Mr. Smith who enjoys a high character as a clerical orator; and, indeed, he preaches very good sermons; but— they happen to be Dr. Blair's, "delivered in a strain of dull monotony."

Having indulged himself for a long time in these disquisitions, our

traveller at length enters upon a description of the Ohio, preparatory to the narrative of his voyage. The length of this fine river, from Pittsburgh to its confluence with the Mississippi, is eleven hundred miles. It rises greatly in spring and autumn, when it is navigable by large vessels; but, when it subsides, can admit only of flat-bottomed boats. The space of twenty days is reckoned a good spring voyage to the Mississippi; but, in summer, when the waters are low, from six to ten weeks are required to perform it. Very little use is made of the oar. The boat, which is of a square form, and guided by a huge oar at the stern, is committed to the stream; and all that is necessary is, to keep clear of the numerous islands, which greatly add to its beauty, while they embarrass its navigation.

We meet with nothing remarkable in the voyage, till Mr. Ashe reaches Wheeling, a town about ninety miles below Pittsburgh, on the Virginia side of the river. This is a considerable commercial station, and thriving marvelously, notwithstanding the nefarious character of its inhabitants. On coming here, it is very desirable to ascertain who have *ears*, and who want them; as a considerable part of the male population happen, according to Mr. Ashe, to have left these appendages nailed to certain penitential *crosses* in other places of America. Quarrels are frequent: and, when two persons fight, it is generally "according to the rule of *rough and tumble*; a kind of combat in which it is lawful for the combatants to peel the skull, tear out the eyes, or smooth away the nose!" Our author gives a long account of a battle of this kind, between a Virginian and Kentuckyan; but we must refer to the book itself such of our readers as delight in wild sports. The great western road from Philadelphia to Lexington, in Kentucky, passes through this town; and there is a mail-coach, which

performs the journey [700 miles] in fifteen days. Small inns, affording bacon, Indian bread, and whiskey, are to be found at convenient distances along this route; and "let those," says our author, "who despise this bill of fare, remember, that seven years ago this road was called the *wilderness*; and travellers had to encamp, and find their own provisions, and with great difficulty secure their horses from panthers and wolves." What striking facts from a writer who endeavours, in other places, to make us believe that this very country is devoted, by the vices of its people and its climate, to barbarism and progressive degeneracy.

He gives a pretty favourable account of the inhabitants of Marietta, a town situated at the junction of the Great Muskingum with the Ohio. Here, as well as at Pittsburgh, are built ships of considerable burden; and the people, besides being industrious and enterprising, are well educated, and moral; having schools and churches supported by fixed contributions. Still, however, Mr. Ashe cannot refrain from what he thinks wit, at their expense:—

"Yesterday I was speaking rather harshly to a man who had not fulfilled an agreement with me to caulk my boat, when a gentleman came up, and accosted him with—'Ah! *General*, how do you do? I mean to dine with you:—What's your hour?' I made sure of this opportunity to go on to the baker in pursuit of some biscuit. On seeing the bread, I began to comment on the price and quality, and might have betrayed some little dissatisfaction and incivility, had not a third person entered opportunely to say: 'Colonel, I want a loaf of bread!' My next call was on a butcher, whose dirty looking meat made me neglectful of my late experience, and I raved without any consideration of decorum, till brought to a sense of misconduct by a negro, who, taking me aside, very kindly warned me that the butcher was a *judge*, and would fine folks for cursing and swearing!" I. p. 297.

The banks of the Great Muskingum opened to our traveller a scene

of various and interesting occupations; for, not to mention his speculations on the habits of wild turkeys, and his terrible contest with a huge rattlesnake, it was here his longing eyes were first greeted with a view of those Indian remains—"those venerable relicks of once polished, but now degraded nations," upon which he has descanted through so many pages of mawkish enthusiasm and inept speculation. It is to his discourses upon *tumuli* and *barrows* and *mud camps*, that his sage editor alludes, when he boasts of the "astonishment" which his book must occasion to the antiquary. The truth is, that these antiquities, as they are called, have been described before by far more sober and competent observers. We shall not, therefore, disturb our readers with any of his tedious and frothy descriptions, far less with his manifold absurdities in regard to their origin. Suffice it to say, that he ascribes them to some remote period, when the ancestors of the present savages were powerful and polished; an opinion which we should not deem worthy of notice, had it not the previous sanction of Dr. Benjamin Barton, whose writings contain the best descriptions of these curious vestiges. But, notwithstanding this more respectable authority, we cannot hesitate, for a moment, to reject, as altogether visionary, the idea of a civilisation which records itself in no language or tradition; in no monument of higher art than a mud wall; and in no instrument more perfect than a hatchet of stone. It is a rule in philosophy, not to admit unknown causes, when the phenomena may be accounted for by those which are known. Now, Dr. Barton himself tells us, that some of the Indian nations had intercourse with the Mexicans. Why, therefore, might they not derive from them those

rings and articles of pottery, upon which he builds so much? With regard to the mud encampments, again, we know from Oldmixon,* and other writers, that the savages on the Atlantick coast erected works of that description when we first invaded them; and thus, all that remains to be accounted for is the greater magnitude of those beyond the Alleghany mountains; as to which it is quite enough to say, that it is now perfectly known that the tribes in that region were formerly much more numerous than they are at present. M. Volney,† after a careful inspection of these boasted monuments, gives it as his decided opinion, that they are exactly similar to those mentioned by Oldmixon; and certainly we ought to adopt his opinion, in preference to one which does so much violence to analogy, to reason, and to history.

On arriving at the Scioto, Mr. Ashe made an excursion to Chillicothe, the capital of the Ohio state, and which is situated about sixty miles up that river. The place, he says, is so unhealthy, that the government has it in contemplation to remove to some more eligible situation. The whole country, indeed, like all the other parts not cleared of their woods and marshes, is, more or less, subject to periodical returns of fever and diarrhœa; and this, according to Mr. Ashe, forms the main objection to the Ohio state, which is in considerable favour with him. We shall here briefly collect a few other particulars regarding this flourishing member of the union. It lies along the right bank of the river from which it takes its name, extending at least five hundred miles in length and breadth. The soil in general is extremely rich, and that extensive portion of it which lies between the two rivers Miamis, is pronounced

* History of British America, Vol. I. p. 54, &c.

† View of the Climate and Soil of America.

by our author, to contain "by much the finest land in the known world." Here fifty or sixty bushels of wheat, and towards one hundred of Indian corn, may be raised on an acre. At Cincinnati there is an office for the sale of lands; and in 1806, no less than seventeen thousand contracts, at the rate of two dollars per acre, were entered there, bearing the names of persons from all quarters of Europe, as well as America. By merely keeping these lands ten years, they may, according to Mr. Ashe, be rented at a profit of fifty dollars or more per acre; and this, he thinks, is the most eligible line for a speculator; as at present, the price of labour is so high, produce so cheap, and markets so distant, that little more than a subsistence is to be made by mere farming. This state is not more preeminent in fertility, than in industry and morals; a superiority which Mr. Ashe, with reason, ascribes to the great number of *quakers* it contains, and to the abolition of slavery, which formed one of the first acts of its government. This state was admitted into the union in 1803. Mr. Ashe does not mention the amount of its population; but we find Dr. Holmes states it to have been in that year upwards of seventy-six thousand.

South of this lies the state of Kentucky, of which we shall also collect a short account. It takes its name from the river Kentucky, which flows through it into the Ohio, and which is navigable a great way from its mouth. It is generally mountainous and un~~even~~, and has, according to our author, been greatly embellished, in certain insidious accounts given of it in Europe. There are here millions of acres called *Barrens*, altogether incapable of cultivation from want of water. There are other districts, however, particularly one in the middle, of sixty miles by thirty, to which, he admits, full justice has scarcely been done,

even in the flowery narratives to which he alludes. The current of emigration which formerly flowed rapidly, and almost exclusively into this state, has now spread into a variety of new channels; and part of its original settlers, allured by new prospects, have made a second migration. Its export trade, of which Louisville is the chief seat, is considerable. Ships are built at this place; and a canal was begun to carry vessels round the *rapids*, which too greatly obstruct the navigation of the Ohio. Frankfort, the seat of government, is situated about seventy miles up the Kentucky. But Lexington is the largest town of this, indeed all the western states, and stands in that delightful tract already noticed. It contains three hundred houses, and is the seat of a university, where about a hundred students are taught English, Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Of its inhabitants, and, indeed the whole population of the state, Mr. Ashe exhibits a very disagreeable picture, charging them with ferocity, boisterousness, and coarse debauchery. The following, he says, is a faithful picture of the general mode of living through the state.

"I rode about fifteen miles, when I stopped at the house of a cultivator whom I had fallen in with on the road, and took such refreshment as we found prepared. On entering the house, which was a log one, fitted up very well, the Kentuckyan never exchanged a word with his wife or his children, though he had been absent several days. No tender inquiry or sentiment; nothing but a contemptuous silence and a stern brutality, which block up all the avenues to the heart. The poor woman made a large bowl of drink, composed of sugar, water, whiskey and peach juice, and handed it to her husband with all the servility of a menial. The dinner consisted of a large piece of salt bacon, a dish of homslie, and a tureen of squirrel broth. I dined entirely on the latter, which I found incomparably good, and the meat equal to the most delicate chicken. The Kentuckyan ate nothing but bacon, which is the favourite diet of all the inhabitants of the state; and drank

nothing but whiskey, which soon made him two thirds drunk. In this he is also supported by the general habit. In a country, then, where bacon and spirits form the favourite summer repast, it cannot be just to attribute entirely the causes of inferiority to the climate. No people on earth live with less regard to regimen; they eat salt meat three times a day; seldom have any vegetables; and drink ardent spirits from morning till night." II. 281.

Mr. Ashe gives a turgid account of his passage of the *rapids* at Louisville, which was attended with many awful circumstances. Thousands of dull traders, indeed, had passed them before; but when "*such a man as Mr. Ashe*" (to use the words applied to him by the beauty at Cincinnati) was to make the transit, it was to be expected that nature should be strangely disturbed, and fill the hearts of sordid pilots with serious alarms. The voyage, after this achievement proceeded without incident, till Mr. Ashe passed the mouth of the Wabash, when, on "the Indiana shore," he explored a cave more replete with terrors, than any such place we ever read of in romance. We cannot enter either upon its history or horrors; but must tell the curious reader, that Mr. Ashe discovered, by means of certain figures on its sides, which he calls "ancient hieroglyphicks," that it was a "temple dedicated to the sun, and a sanctuary of his priests, in those remote times when the North American Indians were similar to the other nations of antiquity!" Mr. Ashe is never in the smallest difficulty on these points. Thus, he discovers, with equal ease and certainty, that some Indian mummies, which are said to have been found at Lexington, are of far higher date than the mummy-making eras of Egypt; and further, that *iron axes* were positively used in the Ohio country long *before the flood*! But it would be endless to notice all his ravings on these subjects. He never begins to speculate

without plunging at once into the depths of absurdity. Like "bold Arnall" in the *Dunciad*, he makes "a furious dive," and sinks far below all the other sons of dulness.

In this neighbourhood, our traveller paid a visit to a tribe of Indians, "the true lords of the soil;" and his interview with them, strongly reminds us of that between the "friend of humanity" and the "knife-grinder," in the poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*. The Shawannees were quite as unconcerned about their *rights* as the knife-grinder, and were far more solicitous for *whiskey*, than for the condolence of our friend of humanity. Mr. Ashe assures us, however, that they are a more polite people than is commonly imagined; and in particular, that "they practise a very refined species of gallantry." The married women are exceedingly correct. "To a person," he says, "who met one in the woods and implored her to love and look on him, she made the following beautiful reply—*Oulamar, who is for ever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you, or any other person.*"

On reaching the Mississippi, Mr. Ashe made an excursion to St. Louis, the capital of Upper Louisiana, a place containing near two thousand inhabitants, and, for its extent, of considerable trade. Twenty miles above it the Missouri joins the Mississippi, after "passing through a vale which it enriches and adorns to so wonderful a degree that it scarcely can be equalled. The scenes are so picturesque, so various and surprising, that the senses may rather be said to be ravished than simply pleased." [III. 124.] He also visited St. Genevieve; and represents the inhabitants, who are a mixture of French and Spaniards, as being gay and happy.

"Here the guitar resounds, soon after sunset, with the complaints and amorous tales of the village swains; and the same hand which toils all day in the wilderness,

stri^kes the tender notes of love in the evening. Every house has its group, and every group its guitar, fiddler, or singer." III. 118.

Mr. Ashe made no considerable stay, on his voyage down the Mississippi, till he reached Natchez. He represents this river as exhibiting, in its scenery and current, an almost continued succession of beauty, richness and grandeur. Some of his descriptions, though by no means in good taste, recall to our recollection these lines of Virgil—

Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina
circum
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus
antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.

The navigation, like that of the Ohio, is interrupted with islands of which the number is increasing. During its floods, which are periodical, a "first rate man of war may descend with safety." Above the territory of the Natchez, the banks exhibit an almost complete vacuity of man and his works. Natchez, including the negroes, who are numerous, has 2,500 inhabitants; and their success in the cultivation of cotton, enables them to give full scope to those dissolute and luxurious propensities for which they have become proverbial. Below this place, the navigation to New Orleans is

easy; the banks are occupied by a merry and hospitable race of planters, of French descent; and the whole prospect is eminently beautiful. New Orleans is situated on the east bank of the river, a hundred miles from its mouth, in a country where the rarest productions of the finest climate of Europe grow in spontaneous abundance; and, including slaves, it contains near 15,000 inhabitants. The climate, however, is unhealthy, and particularly fatal to newcomers. But situated as it is, within a few days' sail of the Spanish dominions, and the whole West Indies, and receiving, by the Mississippi and its far spreading tributaries, the productions of so many climates and soils, it bids fair to rival the most prosperous marts of the New World. Since its acquisition, with the rest of Louisiana, by the United States, its commerce has very considerably increased. The inhabitants are a mixture from all nations, but chiefly France and Spain. Those from the other American states constitute, according to Mr. Ashe, "by far the worst part of the population." But for further details of their manners and pursuits, we must refer such of our readers, as do not think they have enough of his lucubrations, to the book itself, the narrative of which closes at this point.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Theodore and Blanche, or the Victims of Love. A Novel, in 2 vols. From the French of Madame Cotin. 12mo. 9s. 1809.

THE French are certainly our masters in productions of this kind, their ideas are so uncircumscribed; for when a poor Englishman, as Sterne has observed for us, would be satisfied with plunging his wig in a pail of water, to determine whether the buckle would stand, a Frenchman would be for immersing it in the ocean.

Madame Cotin has obtained some celebrity as a writer of these sort of things in her own country, to which limits we heartily wish it were confined. It is so well translated, that we wish the translator had been otherwise and better employed.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

Interesting Narrative, addressed to Cambacérès, by Dorvo Soulastre, Ex-Commissary of St. Domingo, who with a few Companions in a small Passage-Boat, had been taken by an English Privateer on the Coast of Cuba.

[*Lately Published at Paris.*]

THE English kept us on board about a fortnight. At the end of that term the scarcity of water made them wish to get rid of us. Captain William Cropp, the commander, intimated this resolution to me in Latin, which he spoke extremely well. As neither myself nor my companions had found any cause not to be thankful for the good treatment we had experienced, I cannot believe that this man was voluntarily the cause of the severe extremities to which we were reduced during the nine days which followed our quitting the vessel.

On putting us ashore, the English told us we were not more than six or seven leagues from a Spanish *corps de garde*, at which we might easily arrive before sunset, by following the sea shore, and thence we should, with facility, reach the interior of the country and the royal road which leads to St. Jago, or even to Havanna. Relying on this assurance, we considered that half a dozen thick biscuits and a flagon of rum, which those who conducted us ashore bestowed on us, were even more than sufficient for our sustenance for the short journey we were to make; and, therefore, although we were all half naked, we walked on cheerfully, having no other arms than a *dirk*, a sort of small sabre or poignard, much used by the English

privateers when they board any vessel.

Thus victualled and equipped, we marched on for three hours, sometimes along the coast, sometimes through the neighbouring savannas, in which we found a species of *dog-grass* that we chewed now and then with the expectation of cooling the parching thirst we experienced; but it possessed an acidity which the palate could not bear, occasioned, no doubt, by the waters of the sea, which, during the continuance of the south winds and the winter floods, inundate the lands, which are extremely low, and even on that account produced nothing except reeds, and plants common to swampy grounds; some mango trees and some other trees, mis-shapen and branchless, which were scattered here and there, and seemed to vegetate only to attest the infertility of the soil.

The heat had by this time overpowered us; and, though we had not made more than two leagues, on account of the difficulty of the march, we were constrained to sit down under the shadow of a clump of mangoes which rose by the side of a little creek. Here we had scarcely begun to repose ourselves, or to yield to reflections more or less melancholy, the presages of the misfortunes that were preparing

to overtake us, when our packet master, Pierre, who had gone a little distance inland, ran towards us as fast as he was able, calling out to us, to take care of ourselves. We knew not the occasion of his fears, nor the danger we were in, until he had rejoined us. Thinking he heard a noise on the opposite side of a stagnant pool which was surrounded by mangoes, he had been desirous of seeing from what it proceeded, and to shorten the way, endeavoured to wade across the pool, assisted by some branches of the mango. Unhappily for him he disturbed the repose of five or six alligators, who, during the oppressive heat of the day, had chosen this spot to wallow in. This visit had so much displeased two of them, that they pursued him through the mud; and he would probably have become their prey, had he not been well acquainted with the usual method of eluding them. After an excellent retreat, he ran towards us; and at the moment in which he rejoined us, was apparently more dead than alive.

Disagreeable as this adventure seemed to us, still the conviction of not being far from the *corps de garde*, mentioned by the English, revived our courage and we recommenced our journey in good spirits, persuaded that we should arrive there before night. We therefore continued our march for about three hours longer, at the end of which, the excessive fatigue and heat, and still more the uncertainty of the route, made us determine to stop and deliberate on what was to be done. After a short consultation, which was held at the foot of a tree that very much resembled a cherry tree, but was almost entirely without leaves, we determined to pass the night in the place where we were, since, being elevated, it offered us most security; and we consoled ourselves with the hope that on the next day we should certainly arrive at our promised *corps de garde*.

We therefore laid ourselves at our length on the earth, at about a musket shot from the beach, and each of us taking a biscuit, we made our repast, which might have appeared delicious if we had not been in want of fresh water. La Prudence, whom we had despatched to seek for some, brought us nothing but a kind of wild artichoke, which, having the form of a parasol reversed, easily retained the dews, so abundant under the tropick. The heat of the day had, however, absorbed the water it had received during the night. Nevertheless, we cooled our mouths a little, by sucking the leaves. We were still reduced to the necessity of supplying the want of water by our rum, and we drank, in turns, half the contents of our flagon. The biscuits were all consumed; La Prudence only reserved a couple on account of his excessive thirst, and could eat no more than the half of his share.

Our supper was concluded, and it was still day. We rose to examine the environs, and to contrive how we might most easily escape the sea flies and other insects that incommoded us very much during our repast. Each of us went immediately to the right and left, as fancy directed, agreeing not to lose sight of one another, and not to go out of call. La Prudence and I followed captain Durand, and directed our steps towards a savanna, which was skirted by the sea, and interspersed with clumps of mangoes. We were close to one of these clumps when we heard a plaintive cry that proceeded from it. The noise resembled that of a dog endeavouring to disengage himself from a snare. I was advancing to see what occasioned it, when captain Durand stopped me, telling me not to approach, for the voice was not that of a dog, but of an alligator, and that we were not strong enough to defend ourselves from so ferocious an animal. The pale visage of the captain

which, from a full red, became at this moment, as white as a shirt, terrified me so effectually, that I had hardly strength to retreat. We returned to our place of rendezvous, whence it was easy for us to perceive that the whole coast was covered with these monsters, by the numerous tracks which they left in the savannas, as they traversed them to betake themselves to the morasses, where they concealed themselves, and avoided the heat of the day.

When we were reassembled we could not but communicate to each other our dread of the alligators, and to secure ourselves from being attacked by them, we saw no other resource but to climb the tree, at the foot of which we then stood, and to pass the night among the branches. At that moment how preferable would a flint and a little tinder have appeared, in our eyes, to all the riches of the earth! Oh night of many terrors, thou wert but the forerunner of miseries—of the manifold miseries which we were about to endure!

The island, for such we discovered the spot to be, on which either ignorance or treachery had landed us was, as I have already said, so low, that, in some places, beside which the sand had been washed up in ridges, we were forced to walk through pools of water. We had traversed it, both in length and breadth, without having met with a pebble of the weight of an ounce. The whole was mud and sand. The ocean which, elsewhere, deposits the sources of fecundity upon its shores, displays here the most tenacious avarice and terrific sterility. It seems to roll round these desolate coasts for no other purpose but to give birth to the monsters which inhabit them, which it receives and conceals in its bosom, while it participates in their ferocity.

It was out of our power to make any fire that evening. We climbed

our tree, and each of us formed a couch amid the boughs, as well as he was able. For my own part, I tied my left arm to one of the branches, with the only handkerchief in my possession, in the apprehension that the least motion would make me lose my balance, during the sleep, which, through excessive fatigue, began to gain upon me, and to which I yielded. Notwithstanding the uneasiness of my position, I should have passed the night quietly enough, had it not been for the continued howling and cries of a great number of alligators, which, at the commencement of the night, quitted the marshy pools, and stationed themselves about ten paces from us, on the banks of the sea, where we saw them go in and out, one after another, either to bathe or in search of their prey, which their dreadful concert must, undoubtedly, have driven to a distance. This horrible harmony having lasted about two hours, the band dispersed, still keeping along the coast; although, at intervals, we heard the same cries, which we might have mistaken, sometimes, for the sudden barking of dogs, and, at other times, for the screams of children, had we not known from what sort of throats these noises proceeded. If to the terror which the presence of these animals gave us, be added the torture which the musquitos, and other insects of every species, with which these marshy places abound; and, moreover, the deadly chill of an abundant dew, so very cold, that it made us shiver through every member, an idea, yet still inadequate, may be obtained of the sufferings which we endured during the long twelve hours of a tropical night.

At length, about six in the morning, a faint twilight announced to us the approach of day. Alas! it came but to show us more and more the whole extent of our misery. We had been fully sensible of the pain caused by the stings of the sea-flies;

gnats, and mosquitos, but we knew not the effect which they had produced upon our countenances. The moment in which we were first able to see one another was indeed a moment of horror. We were so swelled as scarcely to be known, except by our clothes and the sound of our voices. Happily we had seawater in plenty; and after having washed ourselves we found some relief. As to the alligators, they had returned to their pools by daybreak, and since these animals never attack men unless they are disturbed by them, and seldom seek their prey except by night, we were tranquil upon that subject.

While we prepared for our departure, La Prudence went in search of fresh water. He returned without having discovered any, which obliged us to have recourse to our flagon of rum, which we emptied at once, being persuaded that a walk of two hours would be sufficient to bring us to the so much desired *corps de garde*. We set out, and pursued our journey along the strand; but the heat of the sun, which was almost immediately over our heads, was so intense, that we were obliged to stop frequently for a little repose. We then began to feel the approaches of hunger and thirst, particularly after having walked with so much eagerness. Hope, however, still supported us, and, after having halted a third time, during which we sucked the juices of dog-grass, we continued our journey until four o'clock, or thereabouts, when excessive fatigue compelled us to rest, and continued disappointment made us abandon our minds to all the dreadful ideas of our situation. Capt. Durand, the commander, Pierre, and La Prudence were the only persons among us who preserved any strength, either bodily or mental. The Spanish merchant, his servant, and myself, were entirely

exhausted. We threw ourselves at the root of a wild cashew tree, which, having no fruit, could only afford us its hospitable shade.

Captain Durand and La Prudence went in search of water. It was at that moment the most pressing of our wants, for our breath was like a flame. In about half an hour, La Prudence returned with a smiling countenance, telling us that he had discovered water which was good to drink. Never, no, never, have the most melodious sounds produced a sensation so delightful, as that excited by these words of honest La Prudence: "Me find water, capitain drinke it."*—At that moment, fatigue and despondency were forgotten. Water was to us every thing, and we conceived no happiness greater than the pleasure of drinking without restraint. The spot to which our guide conducted us, was nothing more than a marshy pool, situated in a hallow, about a hundred paces from the sea-side, into which the sea being driven by those frequent southern hurricanes which are the desolation and the terror of the West India Islands, had left there its stagnant waters. These waters, having discharged a portion of their salts through the plants which they nourished, were, with the exception of a brackish taste which they still retained, palatable enough, particularly to persons in our situation. I do not imagine that the dews, abundant as they are, nor even the rain, could, of themselves, have rendered this water so fresh as it was; but to whatever cause its freshness is to be ascribed, the desire of cooling our stomachs overpowered the delicacy of taste, and rendered us inattentive to the colour of this beverage, which was a sort of yellow, tinged with mud; by the aid of our hats, which served us instead of glasses, we drank abundantly. But as it happens, in situations like ours,

* "Moi avoir trouvé de l'eau, capitaine le boire."

for want of the precautions which experience dictates, our draught had nearly been fatal to us. Instead of beginning by rinsing our mouths, we swallowed this water, which was naturally noxious, with so much haste, and in so great a quantity, that our stomachs revolted against it, and rejected it, in an instant, with violent and excruciating emotions. Nevertheless, though faint and exhausted, we felt relieved from thirst, and so great a desire of sleep seized us, that had we not had the dread of alligators upon us, we could have sunk in repose for the night upon the spot. We filled our flagon with the water, that we might take some to the Spanish merchant, who had not been able to accompany us; and, with difficulty, we regained our sheltering cashew tree, which we saw again with as much pleasure, as a traveller, after a long journey, experiences, when he finds a house and a good bed in which he may recruit his exhausted strength.

As we had not yet relinquished the expectation of arriving at the *corps de garde*, we determined to pass this night as we had done the last; that is to say, among the branches of the cashew tree; but it was impossible for the exhausted Spaniard to climb. His strength was completely overwhelmed with grief (for his whole fortune lay in his vessel) as well as by age, disease, and fatigue. We were obliged to let him remain at the foot of the tree, under the care of the worthy La Prudence, who, voluntarily, without any consideration of the danger to which he exposed himself, offered to take care of him. This honest negro was a perfect model of zeal and attachment. Did he know some means of rendering himself useful, he lost, instantly, every idea of trouble or fatigue, and rested not till he had afforded each of us all the services that he was able to perform. To this eulogium I must add, it is very probable that many of us must have

sunk beneath the weight of our sufferings long before the moment of deliverance arrived, had it not been for his indefatigable activity. This second night was terrific, and whatever idea may be formed of it, the impression would still be feeble. To the horrors of our situation during the former night, must be added, not only faintness and the diminution of our strength, but the sight of our poor companion in misery whose disorder increased so much during the night, that at daybreak he was almost wholly insensible. He became so weak that we could not support him in a sitting posture without difficulty. While we were solicitously endeavouring to assuage his sufferings, his remaining recollection seemed entirely occupied about us, and, at length, appearing to forget his pains, he addressed us in these consolatory words:—

“My dear friends, I feel that my last hour is come, and that it is no longer permitted to me to share your misfortunes. Whatsoever may arrive do not yield to despair. I have a *presentiment* that you will surmount these evils, and that it will not be long ere you obtain the reward due to your patience and courage. As to myself, in quitting you, I have this great consolation, that I die surrounded by Christians; who, in restoring to the earth my mortal remains, will unite their prayers to those which I address to the Father of all, that he will deign to receive me into his mercy.”

These were the last words which our poor companion uttered. Nevertheless, he retained his recollection, and ceased not to pray internally, until he had sighed his last. He held a *scapulary* in his hand, which he frequently raised to his lips; and it was not until the instant in which he let it fall, that we perceived he lived no more. Thus terminated the existence of this worthy man, whose death, while it suspended the sense of our own miseries for a short time;

rendered us more acutely afflicted by his loss.

Our first care, after we were certain that he had breathed his last, was to employ ourselves in burying him. His coat (in one of the pockets of which we found a small lens, similar to those used by watchmakers to examine their work) served him for a shroud, and with our hands and our cutlass we dug for him a grave in the sand, tolerably deep, into which we consigned his body, after having recited over him the prayers used in the ritual of the dead, and ornamented the spot with the sacred symbol of redemption.

This solemn and melancholy ceremony, which apparently should have tended to weaken our remaining energies and to diminish our courage, produced a contrary effect. It seemed to invigorate our bodies and to redouble our resolution; so true is it that prayer, by drawing the soul nearer to its Creator, ennobles it, elevates it, and makes it, in some measure, participate in his power.

I have just said that we found a magnifying glass in one of the pockets of the Spanish merchant, which he made use of in reading his breviary. It was to this instrument, which we had seen twenty times in his hands, without thinking of the advantage we might derive from it, that we owed our preservation; for it is certain that we could not have passed the ensuing nights in the same manner as we had done the two preceding, without being exposed to become sooner or later the prey of the alligators, which, to our astonishment, had respected the last moments of the Spaniard. This we attributed to that repugnance common to every animal, even to the most ferocious, which makes them avoid the scene of natural death.

Our first care, when the sun was near its meridian height, was, by means of our lens, to steal from him one of his beams, and to make a

large fire, of which M. Prudhomme and I took the charge, while our companions went forwards to make their discoveries, and did not return until sunset. Not only had they found neither water, nor food, but they had acquired the melancholy certainty that we were not upon the continent of Cuba, but upon a small island on its coast, which was separated from it by a canal three leagues in width.

This discovery, heart rending as it was, produced, nevertheless, a good effect. It delivered us from the cruel state of uncertainty in which we had been for three days, an uncertainty many times more painful than the conviction that our surmises were well founded, and that our safety must depend upon our personal efforts. After some reflection, we agreed that there remained to us one only way of escaping destruction. It was to construct a raft. But how to accomplish such an undertaking? I have already said that the island upon which we were, was low, producing little more than reeds and shrubs, which, in whatever quantity we might collect them, would never have formed a body sufficiently solid to bear us, or to resist the waves which in that channel are particularly turbulent. There were, indeed, some trees scattered here and there on the most elevated spots. But not only were these generally at a distance from the shore, but we had no tools nor instruments to fell them or to adapt them to our purpose. Still, this idea was too attractive to be rejected; and, by continually indulging it, we at length so far persuaded ourselves of the possibility of its execution, that in less than an hour not one of us doubted of the certainty of his preservation. The wretched are not difficult in the choice of their hopes. They see in all their projects the termination of their misery. All their conclusions are directed to one point; and neither the circumstances

which may happen, nor the obstacles which may arise, impede the velocity of their minds. Their imagination refuses to reflect, and even rejects the most manifest impediments with the dread of beholding the flattering illusion dissipated, which consoles them; and, for a moment, blunts the sense of misery.

These pleasing ideas, united to the certainty of being able to pass a comfortable night, stretched at our ease on the sand, surrounded by good fires, and without any thing to fear from the alligators which had hitherto caused us so much terror; these ideas, I say, caused our supper of saline herbs and dog-grass to appear excellent. We quenched our thirst with the water of the marsh, but with more precaution than on the preceding evening, and therefore with less inconvenience. We made three fires, and laid ourselves at our length in the space they encompassed. Each of us by turns kept watch to attend to the fires; and thus we passed an excellent night, which was not only free from uneasiness, but was embellished with the most seductive hope.

The next morning we awoke fresh and cheerful, and we conversed upon nothing but the means of putting our project into execution. A little fresh water which the indefatigable La Prudence had collected from those wild artichokes which I have already mentioned, added farther to our comforts, and augmented our expectations; but as we were on the side of the island most distant from the main land, we resolved to travel across to the other shore. This enterprise had numerous difficulties; and although the northern coast was not more than two leagues from the point whence we departed; yet the journey took up the whole of the day. Still this was preferable to the attempt to double the point of the island on a raft, which is always ungovernable when it meets with a current contrary to the course in which it is to be navigated.

It was not without a farewell sight of the tomb of the poor Spaniard, nor without paying his memory the respect of our mutual regret, that we quitted this spot, the scene of our affliction, our despair, and our hope. But the project which we had formed had so many charms, that it speedily concentrated all our ideas. It was, indeed, our only expectation, our last resource. As we walked, it formed the incessant subject of our conversation; and we spoke of it as of a measure, the execution of which was indubitable. We thus reanimated our courage and renewed our strength. In all the circumstances, and in every station of life, man delights to lull his reason with chimeras. He will even quit the real pleasures which he enjoys, to indulge his imagination in the creation of those which do not exist. He trespasses, madman as he is, upon the sacred rights of the unfortunate!—Illusion is the territory of the unhappy. The blessings which it produces are to them real. They soften the sensation of present evil; they strengthen their souls in the toils of adversity; and enable them to arrive at the termination of their miseries.

After a journey of seven hours we arrived, at length, on the other coast of the island. We were, indeed, in a most pitiable state. Our feet were torn by thorns, and began to refuse their support; and those among us who wore boots, had their legs so swollen, that they were obliged to cut the leather to obtain relief. But whatever were our sufferings, one single look towards the opposite coast, immediately overcame our sense of them, and a thick smoke, which we beheld rising through the trees that bordered the strand, transformed this country to a new Eden in our idea, in which our imagination presented us already, the oblivion of our miseries and the enjoyments of the land of promise.

After a meal of herbs and roots, we began our work. The strongest

attacked the trees at their roots, while the rest stripped them of their bark, or went in search of reeds. When our materials were united, we delivered ourselves up to our occupations, with an ardour of which our situation can alone suggest an idea.

Night interrupted our labours. We made up our fires and thought of taking that repose which our journey and our work had rendered more than ever necessary to us. We enjoyed our rest in its fullest extent, until the moment when the dawn broke the charm of sleep embellished with the most promising dreams, and embellishing our waking hours with all that the most deceitful imagination renders seductive.

Resolved to depart on the morning of the next day, we busied ourselves in the construction of our raft. We had collected materials, and nothing remained but to put them in order. Capt. Durand was our engineer.

He began by instructing us to lash our wood together with the green bark of trees and reeds; and thus we succeeded, little by little, in fabricating a flat machine, to one of the ends of which we fastened a piece of wood that might serve us as a rudder. Our work being finished we moored our masterpiece firmly to the sandy bank, and went to rest at no great distance, still contemplating the spot that held the long laboured means of our expected safety.

Alas! the stroke of misfortune had not yet spent its force. We were doomed to feel every degree of affliction and to arrive slowly at the termination of misery!

We had slept two or three hours, surrounded by numerous fires, which we had intrusted to the care of La Prudence, when we were suddenly roused by loud claps of thunder, which rolled over our heads.

The sky was in flames with lightning. The clouds, heaped upon one another, reflected the most terrific hues, more or less vivid, as they

were more or less opaque, while the whole appeared so closely embodied round us, that we seemed to be in the very bosom of a volcano.

Our first ideas were naturally directed to our raft. Hitherto it had been the centre of our hopes; but at this moment it attracted all our fears. As I have already said, we had constructed it on the strand, where we had firmly moored it; but as the sea rose in immense billows, and even dashed over the eminence on which we were, we perpetually questioned each other, if it could be supposed possible that the waves would respect this last plank of our shipwrecked expectations? Alas! our mutual fears were too well founded! The greedy ocean had dragged it into its deep abyss, and there remained for us, on the return of light, nothing but despair and death.

At this sight, we stood immovable and lifeless. For some hours we had not even the courage to speak, much less to attempt any new resource. To this deplorable situation another trouble was superadded. Hitherto we had all preserved our health. Setting aside that uneasiness which is ever the consequence of continued misfortune, we had found sufficient strength to contend with all the wants that assailed us. But the moment in which we beheld the termination of our cherished hope, the force and courage which had, until now, sustained us, suddenly abandoned us, and we fell into a faint and lifeless stupor, which must infallibly have terminated in death, if that sentiment which ever recalls man to the care of his preservation, had not given a small portion of energy to our hearts, that had almost ceased to beat.

"Come!" exclaimed captain Durand, starting up with an accent that bordered upon desperation:—"when life is to be preserved every means is lawful! In our present state we must have food; otherwise, of six, not one will long remain alive, but we

must die, one after another, the death of madmen!—We must not hesitate—the death of one, must assure the preservation of the rest: I have chosen my victim!” In uttering these dreadful words, he made a leap towards poor La Prudence, whom he seized by the hair, and brandishing the cutlass which he held in the other hand, he was about to strike our unfortunate companion, when a fearful cry of horror, which burst from us all at once, arrested his murderous arm, and gave his victim an opportunity of disengaging himself from the arm that held him.—But what now was the conduct of his victim? Young, robust, and stronger alone than all the rest of us together; what if he profits by the advantages which he possesses, to disarm and beat to the earth, the monster who would have slain him, and whose hand still threatens his existence? In one word, ye philosophers, shall vengeance or generosity actuate the bosom of a slave? La Prudence, poor La Prudence is more than generous? He might make his adversary tremble, from whose repentant hands the steel has just dropped:—but no, he becomes a suppliant; he begs his life, which should his executioner refuse, his attitude (for he has thrown himself upon his knees) shows him ready to resign as the last proof of his attachment. He addresses himself to all: he seeks the compassion of all whom his late services have benefited. “O masses white mans not kill I—poor La Prudence!—do all for white mans: the good God help us!”*

What extremes are there in nature, and how frequent does she delight to unite them in the same individual! What opposite sentiments agitated at the same instant the soul of captain Durand, whose heart was naturally benevolent, sensible, and generous. With what

astonishing rapidity did he return from a state of ferocity to the softest sentiments of compassion and humanity! He could not support his emotions. He shook through all his limbs. He fell; but it was into the arms of his negro slave, who is become for life, his brother—his friend!—He presses him to his heart. He sheds tears upon his face. Their tears unite, while ours flow in abundance, and the spot which was on the point of becoming the theatre of the most horrible murder, displays the triumph of humanity!

But what are we to do?—Our strength exhausted, we must perish with hunger before we can collect the materials necessary for the construction of another raft. Providence will still have mercy upon us, and the instrument which it employs to assure us of our deliverance, is to be the same man, who, a moment before, one of us had destined to become the most direful of all sacrifices!

While we were yet pensive and without hope, La Prudence ran towards us with speed: his joy deprived him of the power of utterance. Captain Durand and Pierre ran towards him, and we soon followed their steps. But what were our transports when we perceived a large alligator stretched lifeless along the shore, and which the retiring ebb had left upon the strand. It had no putrid smell; its flesh was fresh and white; and it seemed to have but that moment expired. To make a fire—to broil what we intended to eat, and to hang slices in the smoke that we might preserve this precious gift of Providence, was the business of an instant. How delicious was our repast! and with what ardour was it followed by the enterprise which we commenced!

By the evening of the next day we had collected together as much

* “O maîtres blancs! vous pas tuer moi, pauvre La Prudence, faire tout pour blancs; bon Dieu secourir nous!”

wood as was necessary for the construction of a second raft, and the most difficult part of our work was completed. We now had fears of nothing but a second tempest. The alligator afforded us sufficient nourishment, and drought was our only suffering. We had, indeed, habituated ourselves to the marshy water, which we drank in small quantities, and thereby experienced considerable relief without any great inconvenience. At length the moment of our departure arrived, and after a quiet night which was followed by a magnificent sunrise, we confided ourselves to our frail machine; while with one accord, we offered up an ardent and sincere prayer.

We were seven hours in making the voyage of those three leagues which separated us from the main land. We had departed praying, and we arrived praying. At the instant of our arrival we heard the lowing of an ox. We were on the borders of a forest, which we determined to enter and to make our way

towards the spot from which the sound proceeded. It was, however, not before the next day that we arrived at a hut inhabited by a Creole family, who kept there a sort of sutling house, where the soldiers of the neighbouring station, who were undoubtedly the *corps de garde*, mentioned by the English, came to regale themselves.

The commanding officer of the station being made acquainted with our arrival, came to see us, and had the kindness to provide us with mules to carry us in two days to Batavano, and from thence to the Havanna, where, in the house of M. Trabuc, receiver of the dues of the French government on prizes, who discharged the functions of commercial consul, we met with all the aids of the most open and cordial hospitality. My companions had equal reason to be thankful for his kindness. He accommodated them with bed and board until each of them was able to exist on resources of his own.

On the Torpidity of Animals. By Benjamin Smith Barton, of Philadelphia, M. D.
To the editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*.

SIR,

I LATELY purchased, and have just finished the reading of, "An Essay on the Torpidity of Animals, by Henry Reeve, M. D." The work has afforded me much amusement, and some instruction; and may, doubtless, be read with great satisfaction and advantage by the younger class of naturalists. It is, however, I think, less replete with new facts and experiments, and with original and enlarged views of the nature and phenomena of torpid life, than might have been expected, considering the respectable author's opportunities of acquiring information, and the length of time that he has had the subject under his consideration.

Having myself, for several years,

been engaged in inquiries relative to the same subject, in various classes of animals, but especially in the mamalia, the birds, and the reptilia (amphibia of Linneus) I hope to be able, at no very distant period, to publish the full result of my researches and experiments. I shall then, with that candour, which, I trust, will never forsake me in my inquiries as a naturalist, point out some of the errors (as I now conceive them to be) of Dr. Reeve's work; and in particular, I shall state at length the facts, the actual experiments, and the observations, which compel me to differ from him on some very material questions. At present, I have no other object in view than to draw your attention

and that of your philosophick readers, to that part of Dr. Reeve's Essay which relates to the real or supposed torpidity of birds. This part of his subject, the intelligent author does not seem to have examined with his accustomed ability.

In treating of the "migration of birds," Dr. Reeve has the following words: "Here a curious question arises respecting the disappearance of birds. It is singular that this subject should still admit of doubt, when it seems so easy to be decided; yet every month we see queries and answers about the migration of swallows, and every year our curiosity is attempted to be amused with marvellous histories of a party of these birds diving under water in some remote quarter of America. No species of birds, except the swallow, the cuckoo, and the woodcock, have been supposed to remain torpid during the winter months. And what is the evidence in favour of so strange and monstrous a supposition? Nothing but the vague testimonies, and histories repugnant to reason and experience.*"

It appears somewhat surprising to me, that an author who had so long had the subject of the torpidity of animals under his consideration, should have hazarded the assertion contained in the preceding paragraph. Dr. Reeve has certainly, read of other birds, besides the swallow, the cuckoo, and the woodcock, which are said to have been found in a torpid state. And ought he not to have mentioned these birds.

In my Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania, which Dr. Reeve, if I do not mistake, has seen, for he has referred to the work in his Inaugural Dissertation published in 1803, I have mentioned the com-

mon humming bird (*trachilus colubris*) as one of those American birds which do occasionally become torpid. I have particular reasons for quoting the passage, as it occurs in the Fragments. "I have not been able to learn, that the humming bird winters in any, not even in the warmest parts of the United States. I cannot hesitate to consider it as a bird of passage. A gentleman, however, whose name I do not recollect, wrote a little paper to prove, that these birds continue with us all the winter. Why? Because one of them was one frosty day, in the month of October, found a good deal benumbed in a church, in some part of New England, I think in Connecticut."†

In the same work, speaking of the *caprimulgus virginianus*, or whip-poor-Will of the Americans, I have said: "I have been informed, that some of these birds have been found in a torpid state, in hollow trees, in New Jersey. But I cannot entirely depend upon the fact; and I have little hesitation in saying, that this bird, as well as the swallows, to which it is allied, is a bird of passage."‡

Here, then, there are two American birds besides those enumerated by Dr. Reeve, which are supposed by some persons, to become torpid in the winter season. Nor do these complete the list. It is the opinion of many well informed persons in the United States (but I by no means vouch for the verity of the story) that the Virginia corncrake, or rail (*rallus virginianus*) becomes torpid, and remains among the mud and grasses of our meadows, &c. during the winter season. It is asserted, by many other persons, that whole flocks of the Carolina parrot, or parakeet (*psittacus carolinensis*) continue in a torpid state, in the

* An essay, &c. section 2, pages 39, 40.

† Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania, part first. Appendix I. pages 18 and 19. Philadelphia, 1799.

‡ Fragments, &c. Appendix I. page 18.

hollows of trees, in the state of North Carolina, and in some other parts of the American union. I believe entire dependence may be placed upon this statement; though it would not be difficult to show, that these birds are often seen abroad, and pretty active, when the ground is whitened by snow. I could mention not a few other birds, the torpid state of which has been spoken of by naturalists and others; and these birds I shall mention in my "Facts, Experiments, and Observations, relative to the torpidity of animals."

But "what" (says Dr. Reeve) "is the evidence in favour of so strange and monstrous a supposition? Nothing but the most vague testimonies, and histories repugnant to reason and experience."

This, surely, is not the proper language to be employed in the investigation and discussion of physiological questions. Authorities are facts in natural, as well as in civil history. And in favour of the torpidity of some of the birds which I have mentioned, the authorities are, sometimes at least highly respectable; nor are they few in number. In regard to the swallows, I shall say but little at present. I have, at this time, in the press, a memoir on the migration and torpidity of these birds. I am confident that I shall be able to convince every candid philosopher, that great numbers of swallows, of different species, do occasionally pass into a state of torpidity, more or less profound, not merely "in some remote quarter of America," but in the vicinity of our capital cities, where there are some men of genuine observation and inquiry, and who are as little propense to believe the marvellous in natural history, as any philosophers elsewhere.

I do not suppose that all the swallows of North America become torpid. It is my present opinion, and

it was my opinion when I published the "Fragments" in 1799, that the swallows, *in general*, are migratory birds.* But subsequent and very extensive inquiries have convinced me, that the instances of torpid swallows are much more frequent than I formerly supposed they were; and that there are two species of the genus *hirundo*, which are peculiarly disposed to pass the brumal season in the cavities of rocks, in the hollows of trees, and in other similar situations, where they have often been found in a *soporose* state. These species are the *hirundo riparia*, or sand swallow, commonly called, in the United States, bank swallow and bank martin; and the *hirundo palasgia*, or aculeated swallow, which we call chimney bird and chimney swallow. *There is no fact in ornithology better established, than THE FACT of the occasional torpidity of these two species of hirundo.*

I say nothing of the torpidity of swallows "under water." But I do not wholly deny *this* fact. And I take much pleasure in referring Dr. Reeve to a short paper, in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, vol. vi. part i. relative to the discovery of a torpid swallow under a quantity of mud and leaves. The author of that paper was a most worthy and respectable man; and a man so religiously attached to truth, that I believe him to have been incapable of uttering a falsehood. He was, moreover, a man of nice observation, and of a philosophical turn of mind.

I do not wish to urge this part of the swallow's history any further. I have nothing to say in support of the "swallow song." But when, in page 44, Dr. Reeve asserts, that no swallows "were ever found in all the rivers and lakes of England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, or Switzerland, although fishermen are constantly

* See Fragments, &c. Appendix I. page 16. See, also, Introduction to this work pages xii and xiii. § xxiv, xxv, xxvi.

employed on these their supposed hiding places," does he mean to say, that at it has never been asserted by any of his countrymen that swallows have been found torpid under water, in England? Swallows are said to have been found torpid "in the river Thames;" and the fact seems to have been credited by some illustrious Englishmen in the 17th century; and among others, if I do not mistake, by the immortal William Harvey.*

But I will take my leave of the swallows.—Since I published my Fragments, I have obtained much information relative to the torpidity of the humming bird. I have hinted at this subject, and have, indeed, most pointedly admitted the fact, in my letter to Mons. La Cépède, published in your Philosophical Magazine. I am now fully persuaded, that instances of the torpidity of the trochilus are by no means uncommon in the United States: and I regret my having treated with so little respect, the opinion of the Connecticut gentleman already alluded to. It is certain, at least, that the trochilus, like the generality of the swallows, is very impatient of cold; and that it sometimes, even in our houses, very suddenly passes into a profound slumber, from which, however, it awakes, to enjoy all the privileges of its life. I say this is certain. And this, so far as his sentiments may be collected from his

Essay, is more than Dr. Reeve is willing to admit of any species in the great class of birds.

The fact of the torpidity of the trochilus was not unknown above two centuries ago. It is related by the Spanish historians Herrera, Ximenes, and several others, though it must be confessed that these writers have mixed with the truth, some fable. I have lately conversed with an intelligent gentleman, who was born, and has long resided, in the kingdom of Mexico. He assures me, that the fact of the torpidity of the trochilus is known to every one in that country, and in the adjacent provinces. He added, that he had himself seen one of these little birds in its brumal sleep, in a tree. I shall discuss this subject at length, and shall illustrate it by actual experiments, in my work on the torpid state of animals, to which I have already alluded. In the mean while, I flatter myself that the following lines, a part of which immediately relates to the somnus of the trochilus, will not be wholly unacceptable to some of your readers. The author is Raphael Landivar, a native of Guatemala; and his poem, entitled *Rusticatio Mexicana*, in fifteen books, besides an appendix, in verse also, deserves to be much better known than it appears to be. It is, indeed, well worthy of an English translation; and I sincerely wish that

* In Dr. Birch's History of the Royal Society, vol. iv. there are some curious notices about swallows. The following may not be deemed wholly unworthy of Dr. Reeve's attention. "Sir John Hoskyns proposed, that it might be duly examined, what becomes of the swallows, and in what state they are during the winter. In answer to which Mr. Henshaw affirmed; that the chancellor of Denmark told him, as an undoubted truth, that in Iceland, there had been taken out of the ice swallows, which being afterwards brought into a warm stove recovered and flew about the room." Mr. Henshaw observed, "that he had an account like the former concerning swallows from our watermen, viz. that they have found them in the river Thames; and that towards the end of the year they assemble in great numbers on the little islands of the river, and then submerge themselves in the water."—"Upon reading the minutes of the last meeting, Mr. Henshaw remarked, that Dr. Harvey had considered the state of swallows in the winter, and had dissected some of them, which had been found under water, and could not observe that there was either warmth or motion in them."—"Mr. Chetwynd, of Ingstree, being present [at a meeting of the Royal Society] observed, that during the time that the swallows are laid up for the winter, they moult, and return in the spring with all new feathers." The History of the Royal Society of London. &c. &c. By Thomas Birch, D. D. secretary to the Royal Society, vol. iv. pages 533, 534, 537.

the elegant Mr. Sotheby, whose translation of the Georgicks of Virgil has so deservedly procured him a high reputation, could be induced to undertake the task. My copy of Landivar's work, which is, I believe, a very rare one, would be at his service. The publick pulse might be tried, by the publication of a version of one or two of the books.

In his 13th book the author treats of birds. And here it is that he speaks of the humming bird, its manners, its sleep, &c.

"Nil tamen exiguo novit præstantius orbis
Colibrio dulcis spoliato murmure vocis,*
Sed claro tenues pennâ radiante per artus.

Exiguum corpus, forsân non pollice majus,

(Quod rostro natura parens munivit acuto
Atque artus ferme totos æquante volucris.)

Induit aurato viridantes lumine plumas,
Et varios miscet tracto a sole colores.

Ille volat rapidum Zephyrum superante volatu,

Et raucum pennâ tollit stridente susurrum.
Roscida si vero fragranti educere flore
Mella velit rostro, viresque reducere membris,

(Quippe aliâ quacumque negat se pascere mensâ)

Sistitur in medio concussis aëre pennis,
Nectareum donec tereti trahat ore liquorem.

Ast adeo prompte subtiles concutit alas,
Ut vigiles fugiant oculos, ludantque citatæ;
Suspensamque putes volucrem super æthera filo,

Sin autem sylvis borealis bruma propinquet,

Plusque vagus solito frigeat Jupiter imbri,

Frigida præcepti linquit Colibrius arva
Nostra fugâ, linquitque levi viridaria pennâ
Et longum montis nigris absconditus umbris

Indulget placido, ceu Progne arguta, sopori,

Dum lucet Aries stellatis noctibus æquet,
Verque novum pratis antiquum reddat honorem."

Rusticatio Mexicana, lib. xiii. v. 217, 242.

All this, Dr. Reeve will perhaps say, may do very well in poetry: but something more positive on the subject of the "placidus sopor" of the colibri is required. Some facts, and therefore something more positive, I have already mentioned: and many additional facts, with experiments, I promise to give in another place. At present I will only add, that Mr. Landivar mentions the torpidity of the humming bird, not as a fable, but as an established truth. For in the short Monitum prefixed to his interesting work, he says "In hoc autem opusculo nullis erit fictioni locus, eam si excipias, quæ ad lacum Mexicanum canentes poetas inducit. Quæ vidi refero, quæque mihi testes oculati, cæteroquin veracissimi, retulere. Præterea curæ mihi fuit oculatorum testium auctoritate subscripta, quæ rariora sunt, confirmare."

I am, Sir, with much respect,
Your obedient servant, &c.

BENJAMIN SMITH BARTON.
Philadelphia, Nov. 1, 1809.

Considerations on the Opinions expressed on Mr. Bruce, by Lord Valentia, and Mr. Salt.

To the Editor of the Literary Panorama.

SIR,

IN the seventh volume of your valuable publication, pp. 27, 213, 443, I find a review of Lord Valentia's Travels, and Mr. Salt's Narrative of his Excursion into Part of the Province of Tigré, in Abyssinia; in

which the latter calls in question the veracity of the accounts published by the late Mr. Bruce.

Being a resident at Grand Cairo when that gentleman returned from Abyssinia, I had the pleasure of his

* "Avicula hæc Colibri in America Meridionali, in Septentrionali vero Chupa-mirto dicitur." Note by Landivar.

company during three successive months. He came almost every day to my house; and I often visited him at a Mr. Rose's, a French merchant, where he lodged. As I visited Egypt principally with a view of penetrating into Abyssinia myself, I was, of course, very inquisitive about that country; and this soon caused an intimate acquaintance between us. I therefore had sufficient opportunity to investigate his character; which I do not conceive was such as would allow of his advancing an unfounded falsehood. He had, moreover, too much good sense not to know, that in process of time, he might be detected by some future traveller; and besides that, his Greek servant, Michael, who followed him in all his travels, whom I knew for at least ten years afterwards, and with whom I had dealings in a mercantile way, might have contradicted any thing which was absolutely false. Of this Mr. Bruce must have been well aware.

I by no means defend Mr. Bruce in every thing. He had a great share of vanity, which often urged him to colour his narrative too highly. He is not always accurate in mentioning distances, bearings, &c. and by such negligences, he exposes himself to the lash of criticism. He may also be chargeable with other minor faults, from which scarcely any person is exempt; but I can never bring myself to suspect his integrity. When I found in your valuable publication the same feelings on this subject, as my own, I immediately resolved to transmit some observations on it, to you; but not having had, till lately, an opportunity of examining Mr. Salt's Narrative in Lord Valentia's publication, myself, I have been under the necessity of delaying my communication.

It appears to me that Mr. Salt entered on his journey with a mind prejudiced against Mr. Bruce, and determined to find fault with him wherever he could. Times and cir-

cumstances alter many things, particularly with regard to persons, in the course of thirty five years; the period which elapsed between the travels of Mr. Bruce and those of Mr. Salt, into Abyssinia. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at, that Lord Valentia's reception at Dahalack, Massua, and Arkeko, differed from that of Mr. Bruce, who, moreover, had not the advantage of an English ship of war, or of any number of men, besides his own servants, for his protection. The dispositions of all those, more than half barbarous easterns, is such, that whenever they perceive that a person makes inquiries about another, against whom he is prejudiced (which they discover quickly) then they frame such answers as they think will best agree with his purposes without any regard to simple truth. Thus Mr. Salt was told that Mr. Bruce had never been in any battle; that the battle of Serbraxos was fought *two years* before he entered Abyssinia; that Mr. Bruce never had any office; nor was any territory given to him. Now, with regard to the first particular, I think I can bring a positive proof to the contrary. Mr. Bruce repeatedly showed me a wound in his arm by a spear, received in one of the battles at Serbraxos; and it was still troublesome, from not having been rightly cured; it even sometimes opened again and discharged matter. With regard to the other assertions, I have no other evidence than the statements of Mr. B. these, however, I think, are entitled to more credit, than the loose hints partly gathered, and partly forced out, from some of the natives.

A striking instance of such a forced answer was that given to Lord Valentia (not less prejudiced against Mr. Bruce, than Mr. Salt was) by Mr. Carlo Rossetti, from whom, as a European, one would have expected more regard to fact. Lord Valentia, on his return through Egypt, [Vide vol. III. page 399, and 400]

asked Mr. Carlo Rossetti, of whose abilities he seems to have formed a much higher idea than they deserve, if he knew Mr. Bruce? To which he replied: "He had known him very well, while on his way to the Red Sea; that he *had accompanied him in his canja** to Cairo, and had been constantly with him during his residence there; that he had therefore begun to read his book, as soon as he received it, but had never finished it, from finding so many misstatements respecting Ali Beg, all the adventures with whom, were to his knowledge, romances. You may know," said he, "that Bruce never saw Ali Beg, by the description he gives of the diamonds in his turban; every one will inform you, that no Mameluke ever wore any jewels there; it is contrary to their custom." "Rossetti was in Italy when Bruce returned; and saw him, as he says, at Venice. He and another gentleman were shown the drawings made in Egypt and Abyssinia; but the latter observed that they were made in the Italian manner, which so extremely offended Bruce, that he refused to exhibit any more."

From the beginning of the year 1770, to the beginning of 1782, I resided at Cairo, consequently full twelve years; during which period I never remember Mr. Carlo Rossetti to have been out of Egypt, except once, when he went to Cyprus, to settle his accounts with the family of Mr. Zambetti, a deceased partner of his, in trade. But though it be possible that my memory should fail me in this particular, yet I cannot be mistaken in another, viz. that Mr. Bruce never was in Italy at the same time as Mr. Rossetti was there. It is well known, that Mr. Bruce, after his return, staid about three months in Cairo; and then he

embarked at Alexandria for Marseilles; where he performed quarantine, and from thence he hastened home by way of Paris. How, therefore, could Mr. Rossetti have seen him and his drawings at Venice?

Mr. Rossetti is no great scholar or reader. He got in favour with Ali Beg not long before I came into the country, by advancing him money when in distress; and from that incident arose the good will of Ali Beg towards Europeans, which ultimately proved very detrimental to the few French houses at Cairo. For though Rossetti (favoured as the chief provider of goods for Ali Beg) found means to reimburse *himself*, yet the French merchants were, through him, drawn in, so that they were induced to advance goods *on credit* to Ali Beg, a thing never done before; by which, at the death of the latter, they lost upwards 100,000 German crowns. Any person but Rossetti might easily have foreseen this calamity. Had Rossetti been a man of penetration, he would not have sent his own brother, Balthasar, to Gedda, to establish a mercantile house there, the moment he heard that Ali Beg's troops, under Mahamed Beg, had entered Mecca, where he deposed the old Sherrife, and appointed Hassan Beg, governour of Gedda. Very little reflection was necessary to foresee, that this state of things could not last long; and so it proved. The news of Mahamed Beg's success arrived September 12, 1770, and October 15, Mr. Balthasar Rossetti set off for Gedda. He advanced no farther than Suez, where he met Hassan Beg returning in great haste, with fifteen of his men only, having been driven from Gedda by the old Sherrife, who returned as soon as Mahamed Beg had retired, and re-established every thing on the old

* This could not have been strictly true, no European at that period being allowed to possess any vessel upon the river. Nor could he be always about or with him during his stay, for Mr. Bruce then also lodged at Mr. Rose's, where Mr. Rossetti could only see him occasionally.

footing. I can, therefore, look upon Mr. Carlo Rossetti in no other light than that of a lucky adventurer.

Lord Valentia's work, and Mr. Salt's narrative contain many instances of mis-statements; particularly in those passages, where the veracity of Mr. Bruce is attacked. I will notice a few only.

1. Vol. II. page 487, Mr. Salt, contradicting Mr. Bruce, makes very light of the difficulties of the ascent of the mountain Taranta. Yet in vol. III, page 12, where he speaks of another rugged and very steep hill, he employs those difficulties as an object of comparison, saying: "In steepness and ruggedness *this hill may be compared to Taranta*; though its height is considerably inferior." Page 70, speaking again of another very rough hill, he says: "The descent hence is extremely steep, and so much incommoded with loose stones, that we were obliged to dismount from our mules; and, before we reached the bottom, had reason to exclaim, that *it was as bad as the descent of Taranta*."

2. Page 159, Mr. Salt calls Mr. Bruce *impudent enough* to say, that "the Abyssinians eat raw flesh stripped from the living animal." To me it does not appear to be a decisive proof that this is never done—that Mr. Salt did not see it at Antalow. It may be done by rustick soldiers, in the provinces, or by epicures at the court of Gondar. There are frequent hints in Mr. Salt's Narrative, which show, that they cannot get it too fresh, and those help to establish Mr. Bruce's statement. Vide page 119, where it is said: "In the present instance the skin was only partly taken off, and a favourite slice of flesh was brought *immediately* to table, the muscles of which *continued to quiver*, till the whole was devoured." Mr. Salt likewise says: "The gross and disgusting scenes which Mr. Bruce describes as following a *brinde* feast, I firmly believe existed only in his own imagination." Vide

page 158. Yet the repeated mention by Mr. Salt, of the free and often indecent behaviour, and drunken revels of the Abyssinian ladies and gentlemen, would lead us to suspect, that Mr. Bruce's account may be too true. [Vide pages 27, 52, 71, 102, 103, 150, and 151; as also page 124, which contains captain Rudland's report of a feast.] The inference is undeniable that modesty and chastity are not to be reckoned among Abyssinian virtues. Page 207, Mr. Salt says: "We spent the evening in the true Gondar style: *the conversation being extremely free*."

3. Page 209. Among other answers received from Hadgee Hamet, to questions asked concerning Mr. Bruce, he says: "He did not well understand Amharick, or Tigré, and did not speak much more Arabick than I [Mr. Salt] do."

Now, with regard to Amharick, I heard him speak it, in the house of Mr. Pini, with a very respectable Armenian, who had known him in Abyssinia, from whence he was just returned. This Armenian said that he spoke Amharick "very well." With respect to Arabick, I myself was able to judge. He spoke it fluently, through in the Mecca dialect; which differs in a few instances from that spoken at Cairo. He certainly had had opportunities enough to become acquainted with that language, before he went to Abyssinia; for he had been consul at Algiers; he had visited other parts of Barbary; he then travelled in Syria as far as Palmyra; and afterwards through many parts of Egypt and Arabia, till he arrived at Massua.

That there should be inaccuracies in Mr. Bruce's description of the antiquities and ruins at Axum, cannot be a subject of surprise. Mr. Bruce had not the protection of a Ras of Tigré; the fear of whom made every one, even the priests, who are not at all well inclined towards Europeans, subservient to Mr. Salt's views. Mr. Bruce travers-

ed that part of the country like a bird of passage, in continual danger from the natives, whose disposition Mr. Salt does not extol [page 99] where he says: "The lower class of the inhabitants of Axum, seem to be more rude to strangers, and less under authority, than any we observed during our excursion; so that it was not easy to prevent the occurrence of a serious dispute." Mr. Salt was, through the protection of the Ras's people, enabled to examine the ruins at leisure; he was twice there, and yet *he* had to correct some things at his second visit. Now, though Mr. Bruce may have been obliged to supply the defects of his hasty sketches of those ruins, which he saw *en passant* only, from hearsay, I think he is entitled to more candour and lenity than Mr. Salt has granted him. Though the latter cannot conceal his constant endeavour to find out something to the prejudice of Mr. Bruce's character; yet he is ready enough to quote his authority when it suits his purpose. Neither is this eagerness to detect error, the less uncandid, even if it should be proved hereafter that Mr. Bruce was much to blame, for colouring too highly, events in which he was personally concerned; neither is it by any means the less censurable.

Mr. Salt left Dixan, which is the first town in Abyssinia, August 14, 1805, and returned to the same

place October 31, in the same year, consequently he can only be said to have spent about eleven weeks, travelling included, in one of the frontier provinces of Abyssinia. For some time after his arrival at Antalaw he was little better than a prisoner, being totally unable to converse without an interpreter. On the contrary, Mr. Bruce came to Dixan November 22, 1769; and January 17, 1772, he left Sancoho, a frontier town of Abyssinia, on his way to Sennaar. It appears, therefore, that he was full three years in the interior of that country; and he could converse, at least in Arabick immediately as he entered it. During that time he travelled through many parts; associated with a great variety of persons; was much at court; and had time enough to become acquainted with the manners of the people.

Considering all this, I think the publick will do well to suspend its judgment concerning Mr. Bruce's veracity, till some other unbiassed witness, or even Mr. Salt himself, by a longer residence and further investigation, has been able to gather more ample information than was practicable in so short a time, and under such circumstances as attended his first visit.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN ANTES.

Bristol, Feb. 6, 1810.

Curious Property of the Toad. Communicated by a Correspondent.

To Mr. Nicholson, Editor of the Philosophical Journal.

SIR,

AMONG the many curious accounts that I have read of the toad, I never met with the following fact.

A person in the neighbourhood of Maidston, who manufactures brown paper, informed me, last summer, while I was observing his people at work, that he had frequently placed a toad in the midst of the pile of sheets to be pressed, and always found it alive and well on taking it

out, although it must have sustained with the paper a pressure equivalent to several tons; but a frog could never survive the same degree of pressure. I searched a long time for a toad, to see the experiment myself; but it was a very warm day, and I was unable to find one, till after the men had left work.

I am, sir, your obliged, A. M.
March 25th, 1810.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN reply to a query in the magazine for September, whether the sun-flower "follows the course of the sun in the day, and in the night time (the stalk untwisting) returns to the east to face the sun next morning," I beg leave to observe that I believe it to be groundless; having a number of very fine flowers growing in an open garden, not in the least influenced by any surrounding walls or building. They have the finest possible heads of numerous flowers, growing to face all quarters; but my principal attention has been paid to the main flower, and I find it always remains in the situation it first blows in, either north, east, south, or west. Some of the stalks appear twisted, which I consider to arise from the great weight of the head when in full seed; though, while making these remarks, a friend of mine asserted, he had observed the flower changed

its position; but he is the only person I ever heard to believe it whilst I have many observers with myself to the contrary.

Also in observation on chalk becoming flint by a natural process. Whilst in Bedfordshire, this was the subject of conversation; and it was asserted to me as a fact, that on the chalky hills in the neighbourhood of Dunstable, chalk actually became flint, though to the observers by an unknown process and that after removing these flints, yet the fresh chalk replaced the usual quantity of flints, and that this would be the case *ad infinitum*; by what inherent chymical property in the chalk, aided by the atmosphere, remains to be solved by a more learned person than myself. An insertion of the above in the Monthly Magazine, will oblige a constant reader.

J. S.

William Julius Mickle, the undoubted author of the song—"There's nae luck about the House."

To the Editor of the Universal Magazine.

SIR,

TO the pages of your miscellany I would confide the following circumstances, respecting the true author of a beautiful ballad, much known, and much admired. I do not think that it will be needful to enter into any prefatory detail, as Mr. Mudford's letter to me, with my reply, and the accompanying copy of the song, will fully enable your readers to comprehend the cause and the nature of the inquiry which has been instituted, and which, I rejoice to say, has terminated in establishing the claim of my much respected friend, Mr. Mickle, to his own honours.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. SIM.

Pentonville, April 14, 1810.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Mudford to the Rev. John Sim, A. B.

SIR,

THE purport of this letter will, I hope, excuse the liberty I take in addressing you.

In your edition of Mr. Mickle's works, you have inserted, at p. 121, the song of "There's nae luck about the house," as the production of Mickle; and you have distinguished eight lines as the production of Dr. Beattie. There is a curious literary fact attached to this song, which can be finally settled only by yourself.

My friend, Mr. Cromek, who has lately published a volume of Burns's "Reliques," and whose ardour for Scottish literature is distinguished, had discovered, as he imagined, the

author of this song in a *Jean Adams*,* who died in Glasgow workhouse in the year 1765. When he was in Scotland last, the circumstance was mentioned to him of a Mrs. Fullarton, a very old lady, now living, who remembers to have heard Jean Adams recite and sing the song as her own, prior to the year 1760.

This Jean Adams was a woman of some talents, having published a volume of poems; but being rather too much elated with authorship, she neglected the ordinary duties of life, and died in Glasgow workhouse.—These facts Mr. Cromek had obtained, with considerable trouble; and, when he called upon me, and mentioned the circumstance, he was greatly surprised when I told him that the song was ascribed to Mickle, and showed it him in your edition of his works. You will perceive there is some mystery in the affair, which can be cleared up only by the documents on which you ascribe the song to Mickle, and those eight lines to Beattie. Mrs. Fullarton is positive that she heard this Jean Adams recite the song about the year 1760: in fact Jean died 1765, at which time Mickle was only thirty years of age; did he publish or write the song within that period?

It is a singular circumstance that Burns, who was well versed in the history of Scottish ballads, says, speaking of the present song,—

“This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language. The two lines,

And I will see his face again,
And I will hear him speak,

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I have ever heard or read: and the lines,—

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw,

* For a further, and highly interesting account of this person, the reader is referred to the following work (Appendix A. vol. 1.) which will shortly appear: “Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern; with critical Observations and biographical Notices. By Robert Burns. Edited by R. H. Cromek, F. A. S. Ed.”

are worthy of the first poet. It is long too posterior to Ramsay's days. About the year 1771 or 72, it came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.”—*Reliques*, p. 217.

I cannot help thinking that you will feel some pleasure in being able to clear up this business: and I hope you will excuse this long letter about it. I thought the matter too singular to be neglected.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
WM. MUDFORD.

Sept. 24, 1809

DEAR SIR,

I am extremely happy to inform you that I have been so very fortunate as to discover, among Mr. Mickle's papers, what I consider as the very first sketch of that celebrated song: “There's nae luck about the house,” a copy of which, *verbatim* and *literatim*, I have enclosed. Besides the evident marks of haste and inaccuracy, which I have noticed in the margin, you will find the name Colin spelt with a double and a single *l*; the Scottish verb used for *must*, spelt first *mun*, and, in two lines after, *man*; and the verb *make* first spelt twice with the *e*, and then three times without that letter; all these are strong proofs of its being the very first attempt. Other variations, much for the better, you will find, by comparing the MS. with the song as now printed in my edition of Mr. Mickle's poetry. The ballad is, though evidently written in very great haste, perhaps the finest specimen of his hand writing now extant; from which, I think, it must have been written in, or before, the year 1760; as soon after that period his misfortunes in trade, and his consequent depression of spirits,

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very much affected his hand writing. All these circumstances, duly considered, will, I trust, effectually lay to rest the illfounded pretensions of Jean Adams, and secure to my worthy friend an undisputed title to this very superiour production.

As to my ascription of the eight marked lines to Dr. Beattie, I had the most positive assurance of their being his composition, from the Rev. Patrick Davidson, of Rayne, Aberdeenshire, a gentleman of the first respectability, who had been a pupil of the doctor's; and this was confirmed by every literary character with whom I conversed, during an excursion which I made to the north of Scotland in the summer of 1801, so as not to leave the least shadow of a doubt upon that subject.

I cannot help adding, that I am exceedingly thankful that I have been spared, not only to give a correct edition of the poetical works of my friend, however they may be received by the present generation, but also to substantiate his right to what Mr. Burns calls "one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language."

I remain, dear sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
J. SIM.

Pentonville, April 7, 1810.

P. S. I forgot to mention another strong proof of its being the very first attempt, viz. that he was then undetermined as to the number of lines which the stanzas should contain.

To Mr. Mudford.

The first Sketch of the beautiful Ballad, "There's nae luck about the house," from the handwriting of W. J. Mickle, in the Possession of the Rev. Mr. SIM.

There's nae luck about the house
There's nae luck at aw

There's little pleasure in the house
When our gude man's awa
And are you sure the news is true
And do you say he's weel
Is this a time to speak of wark
Ye Jades lay by your Wheel
Is this a time to spin a thread
When Collin's at the door
Reach my cloak I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore

And gie to me my bigonet
My bishop's sattin gown
For I'm mun tell the Bailie's* wife
That Colin's in the town
My Turkey slippers man gae on
My stockings pearly blue
'Tis aw to pleasure my gude man
For he's baith leel and true

Rise lass and make a clean fire side
Put on the Muckle† pot
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock‡ his Sunday coat
And make their shoon as black as slates
Their hose as white as snaw
'Tis aw to pleasure my gude man§
For he's been lang awa

There's twa fat hens upo the coop
Been fed this month and mair
Mak hast and thraw their necks about
That Colin weel may fare

And mak the table neat and trim
Let every thing be braw
For who kens how Colin far'd||
When he's been¶ far awa

Sae true his heart,** sae smooth his speech
His breath like cauler air
His very foot has musick in't
As he comes up the stair

And shall I see his face again
And shall I hear him speak
I'm down right giddy wi' the thought
In troth I'm like to greet

If Colin's weel †† and weel content
I hae nae mair to crave
And gin I live to mak him sae
I'm blest above the lave
And shall I see his face again &c.

* The e in Bailie's is erased.

† The capital M erased, and a small m inserted.

‡ The c in Jock is erased.

§ This line is a repetition of the nineteenth line.

|| This line is deficient in measure.

¶ Interlined he was.

** The first point in the MS.

†† The last point in the MS.

Vol. IV.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IF you think the following worthy of a place in your valuable magazine, it may, perhaps, prove entertaining to some of its numerous readers.

One of its admirers,

F. F. R.

London, 12th. Dec. 1809.

SUPERB FETE

Given by the Duke of Orleans, at his Seat of Villers Cotterots to Louis the XVth, after his coronation at Rheims.

Statement of the Articles consumed or employed on the Occasion.

14,039 livres, 6 sous, were expended in sea and fresh water fish (*about 585l. sterling.*)
 100,809 lbs. of butcher's meat.
 29,045 heads of game and poultry.
 3,071 lbs. of ham.
 10,552 lbs. of bacon and hogs lard.
 36,464 eggs.
 6,060 lbs. of common butter,
 600 lbs. of Vanvres ditto.
 150,096 lbs. of bread.
 80,000 bottles of Burgundy and Champain.

200 hhds. of common wine.
 800 bottles of old hock.
 1,400 bottles of English beer and cider.
 3,000 bottles of liquors of all sorts.
 8,000 lbs. of sugar.
 2,000 lbs. of coffee, besides tea.
 1,500 pounds of chocolate.
 65,000 lemons and oranges (sweet and sour.)
 800 pomegranates.
 150,000 apples and pears of all sorts.
 15,000 pounds of sweetmeats, preserved and candied.
 2,000 pounds of sugar plumbs.
 4,000 pounds of wax lights.
 30,000 China plates and dishes for dessert.
 20,000 pieces of crystal dishes for sweetmeats, lustres, &c.
 115,000 decanters and glasses.
 50,000 pieces (plates, dishes, tureens, &c.) of silver and gilt silver.
 3,300 table cloths.
 900 dozen of napkins.
 2,000 dozen of aprons were used by the cooks and others.

OBITUARY.

LATELY at Edgeworth's town, in the centre of Ireland, died, without a struggle, the widow Burnet, aged 116 and upwards. She had been wife to an honest, laborious mason, and she was a woman of uncommon shrewdness and activity. The winter before last she was seen mounted on a ladder mending the thatch of her cottage. Though she was thus careful of her worldly goods, she was uncommonly goodnatured and charitable. Her mind was never fretted by malevolent passions. She was always ready to give or lend what little money she possessed, and she

was careful to do these services to her distressed neighbours when no witness was present; so that accident alone discovered some of her good deeds and bad debts. In her habits of diet she was very temperate. She lived chiefly on potatoes and milk, and stirabout; never drank spirits, or beer, but sometimes drank a glass of sweet wine, of which she was fond. She was (like most other long-lived people) an early riser, and took regular but not violent exercise. For the last twenty years of her life she seldom failed to walk from the cottage where she lived

to Edgeworth's town, a distance of about an English mile, over a rough, stony road. She preserved all her organs of sense to the last; could hear what was said in a low voice, could distinguish the changes of countenance of those to whom she spoke, as she plainly proved by changing her topics of conversation when she found they did not please her auditors. Her sense of smell had not failed. The summer before her death she took pleasure, as she said, in the smell of a rose, and showed that she perceived the odour by asking where it came from before she saw the flower. Her intellectual faculties were at this advanced age accurate and vigorous. She narrated with uncommon clearness and vivacity; and it was remarkable of her memory, that it was not only retentive of things that had passed ninety years ago, but of recent facts and conversations. She had the habit, common to very old people, of continually talking of her approaching death, and yet making preparations for life. She was as eager about the lease or the rent of her farm, as if she felt sure of continuing many years to enjoy what she possessed. She was very religious, but her religion was not of a melancholy cast. The following epitaph is inscribed over her tomb: "Here lies, in hopes of a blessed resurrection, the body of Elizabeth Burnet, of Lignageeragh, born 1693; married 1733; died

September 14, 1809, aged 116. To the last day of her long life she preserved the use of her limbs, her senses, and her memory, which possessed the uncommon faculty of retaining recent circumstances as well as those which happened in her youth. Every year added to the regard with which she was considered by the rich, and by the poor. Thus she was a conspicuous example that virtue in humble life, can render the possessor as useful, respectable, and happy, as it could in the highest situation."

At Bengal, in the 86th year of his age, died, Cudbert Thornhill, esq. late master attendant of the port of Calcutta, and one of the oldest European inhabitants of Bengal. He was resident in India some time before the taking of Calcutta by Surajaha Dowlah, in 1756, and was present during the greater part of that unfortunate scene. With several other Europeans, he sought shelter in the English shipping then at Fulta; and thus fortunately escaped the dreadful catastrophe of the Black Hole. Captain Thornhill had traded to almost every part of India; and at Judda, a port in the Red Sea, he became acquainted with Mr. Bruce, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, by whom he is honourably mentioned in his works. He was nominated master attendant in 1786, and held that appointment till April 1809.

POETRY.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at the Freemasons' Tavern, at a dinner held for the liberal purpose of raising a fund for alleviating the misfortunes of the veteran Charles Dibdin.

Tune—"Poor Jack."

YOU may tell us the ancients, for honour and worth,
From modern folks bear off the bell;

But, surely, one virtue, the kindest on earth,

Has deigned with the moderns to dwell;
Benevolence smiling with tender delight,

While extracting the arrows of wo,
Benignly officious each claim to invite,

And with ardour celestial bestow;
See the sons of Britannia, with sympathy soft,

Shield genius from sorrow's attack,

As the sweet little cherub, that sits up
aloft,
Keeps watch for the life of poor Jack.

"*Date obolum*" each of us bears in our
mind,
And might more such examples repeat:
For wasn't poor Homer, who sung him-
self blind,

Left with scarcely a dinner to eat?
That your ancients were noted for heads
very wise,

Every school-book we read in imparts;
But while a good head, we with justice
may prize,

Still, "*You know there be such things as
hearts.*"

Then applaud modern bosoms, whose sym-
pathy soft

Can shield genius from sorrow's attack,
As the sweet little cherub that sits up
aloft,

Keeps watch for the life of poor Jack.

Yes, with hearts, that responsive, in uni-
son beat,

Distress, though by merit unbacked,
From Englishmen ever acceptance will
meet;

Then, how much more must merit at-
tract?

For the sailor, at Greenwich, there's moor-
ings d'ye see,

When cramped by the fortune of war;
And the kind hand of friendship extended
shall be,

To him who inspired every *tar*;

For the sons of Britannia acknowledge
how oft,

Our seamen were cheered on each tack,
When his muse sung the cherub, that sits
up aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

The bard of our navy to notice we hold,
Who deserves of his country, you'll own,
For fortune has veered; and now leaky
and old,

On her beam end his bark's nearly
thrown.

Like the lads he described, who, with ho-
nest delight,

Ever join to assist an old friend,

Let us all pull together, his vessel to
right,

That his voyage may happily end.

Like true sons of Britannia, with sym-
pathy soft,

Let us shield him from sorrow's attack;
And what here you bestow, there's a Be-
ing aloft,

Will, in pleasure, tenfold give you back.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early
hours

Of winter, past or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which pre-
sent are,

Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smell-
ing flowers:

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy
bowers,

Thou thy Creator's goodness dost de-
clare,

And what dear gifts to thee he did not
spare;

A stain to human sense in guilt that low-
ers.

What soul can be so sick, which by thy
songs,

Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not
driven

Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spite and
wrongs;

And lift a reverend eye and thought to
heaven?

Sweet artless songster! thou my mind
dost raise

To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels'
lays.

THE OAK.

'T WAS winter; and except a leaf
Yet trembling here and there,
December, icy handed thief,
Had stript the forest bare.

Its tawny foliage strown around,
And silvered o'er with sleet,
Profusely carpeted the ground,
And rustled to my feet.

When 'mid the solitary scene,
A rustick seat I sought,
And pensive, yet devoid of spleen,
Indulged a moral thought.

An aged oak with ample head,
And arms extended wide,
Part living, shivered part, and dead,
Rose towering by my side.

A hoary rime its branches graced,
Resembling most a beard;
While clasping its gigantick waist,
An ivy green appeared.

Its reverend aspect fixt my eye;
I felt a pleasing awe;
A ruminating reverie,
Inspired by what I saw:

When fancy, whose creative power
Can give to trees a tongue,
And furnish from their mystick lore
"A sermon or a song,"

Employing all her magick here,
Gave language to an oak;
Which, thus admonishing my ear,
Intelligibly spoke—

Vain mortal! wherefore dost thou come,
My nakedness see?
Why leave a comfortable home,
To moralize on me?

All rified as I am and torn;
To taunt me com'st thou here?
Or dost thou come, with me to mourn
The exit of the year?

Whate'er thy motive, mortal, take
Instruction from a tree,
And condescend for once to make
Comparison with me.

If honour, joined to length of days,
Thou fondly wouldst obtain,
Behold an object that portrays
At once; and proves them vain!

For monarch of the woods am I,
The mightiest of my name;
A monarch, not by courtesy,
But by a prouder claim.

Two centuries round their circles rolled,
Ere I attained my prime;
Another, ere I waxed old,
Was registered by Time.

Surviving still, though wounded strong,
I brave the wintery blast;
And many a man in years now young,
Will not behold my last.

Yet he whose all destroying stroke
Lays men and forests low,
Will level me!—No more it spoke,
But ended with a bow.

"Will level me!" My muse records
The language o'er again;
"Will level me!" Emphatick words!
Nor altogether vain.

For, musing as I homeward turned,
I own it humbled me,
To think that I might lie inurned
Ere fell this aged tree.

J. POTTERS.

Chelmsford.

THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my
eye,

Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure
arched sky

Looked pure as the spirit that made it;
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim distant isle till the beacon
fire blazed

Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed num-
bers;

The sea-bird had flown to her wave girdled
nest,

The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle
slope,

(All hushed was the billow's commo-
tion)

And thought that the beacon looked lovely
as hope,

That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar;
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow,
In life's closing hour, when the trembling
soul flies,

And death stills the heart's last emo-
tion;

O then may the seraph of mercy arise;
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

P. M. I.

SONNET.

[By Henry Richard Wood, Esq.]

Why do those years which long since have
passed,

More joyous than the present hours ap-
pear?

Say, were they chilled by no unkindly blast,
Sad with no sigh, polluted with no tear?
Yes! ere they fled, they felt misfortune's
storms,

And like the present, had their sorrows
too.

'Tis Fancy, fruitful in her airy forms,
That decks them in a garb they never
knew:

Fancy, unfettered by that clay linked chain,
Which ever mingling with our present
joys.

The purest charms of intellect destroys.
Thus foolish man seeks happiness in vain,
Who striving the reality to find,
Knows but its form by traces left behind.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

✍ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

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In the press, the Comedies of Terence, translated into familiar blank verse, by George Colman. Octavo, with plates.

Mr. Thomas Potts will shortly publish a Gazetteer of England and Wales, closely printed in an octavo volume, illustrated by Maps.

The Rev. George Cook, D. D. Minister of Laurencekirk, author of an illustration of the General Evidence establishing the reality of Christ's Resurrection, has in the press, a History of the Reformation in Scotland. 3 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Ramsden is about to publish some cases of the Cure of the Derangements of the Testicles, demonstrative of their being sympathetick with the Urethra: and to show that most of the diseases of that Gland, hitherto deemed incurable, are perfectly within remedy. Also some cases of Hydrycele, in which the radical cure has been effected without recourse to any of the operations at present practised for that purpose.

An Abridgement of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, in an octavo volume will appear in a few weeks.

Dr. Drake has in the press, under the title of The Gleaner, a selection of Essays from scarce or neglected periodical Papers, with an Introduction and Notes. It will be speedily published in 4 vols. 8vo. and will form an elegant and useful accompaniment to the various editions of our Classical Essayists.

Travels in the Northern Parts of the United States, in the years 1807, 1808, 1809, and 1810. By Edward Augustus Kendall, Esq. are in the press, and will speedily be published. The country described in this book comprises an important part of the territory of the United States, and one with which we are at present comparatively unacquainted.

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